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JUBILATE SONG OF THE 4th OF JULY, 1869.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Well am I called Day of Glory
By vast millions on the earth,
For in me the Grand Republic
Had her mighty, sacred birth;
And the STAR FLAG, then out blazing,
Broader, stronger is unfurled
Every year, and keeps hope burning
For *all* Continents of the World.

II.

In me there is blest love only,
Mankind's love lit for mankind—
All the States of my Republic
Equal by her altar shrined;
Honorable held all labor,
Sacred every chartered right:
Therefore, by God's Own Hand guarded,
Endless is the Nation's might.

III.

Millions, keep my celebration!
Clasp your hands from sea to sea,
East, West, North and South, love-bannered,
Make one family Jubilee;
Thus shall WASHINGTON and his heroes
Have true honor on the sod;
Thus AMERICA feel her forehead
Crowned with a new wreath by God.

THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COTTAGE GIRL," "SHADOWS ON THE RIVER," "JANE SHORE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Petrovitch was himself extremely unpolished in his general manners, though in all things he meant kindly to every one. He asked the gipsies into his house, and led them into a spacious room, where there were several musical instruments, and a quantity of loose music strewed about over dusty tables, chairs and sofas. A door stood half open, leading into another room.

A bust of Petrovitch, a very fine work of art, stood on a lofty pedestal, his name inscribed upon it, and these words:—Presented to M. Petrovitch by the Belgravia Musical Society, 1857. He pointed out this bust to the gipsies, and read to them the inscription, saying, as he touched his breast:—

"This is me, who can make success for any young man who has the gift in him, and will serve me with a good and honest heart.

"I came of nothing myself, but I had the gift of harmony in me, and I worked hard in the way one good friend directed me, and this is me!" again pointing to the bust.

"I know this young man here is no more than a poor gipsey, but I have heard him play on his flute, and sing, and I would stake my reputation and all I have that he has a fortune in him, if he likes to do as I bid him, and will work at music as he works at basket making. I know a good deal of him, more than he thinks. Mr. Harvey, who visits your camp sometimes, has told me of Alf, and I have heard Alf once here in this room, and I once heard him singing—and I saw him dance—at Shepley fair. I am in want of a voice like his, and his sprightly talent pleases me. I have had some talk with him, and I have taken a fancy to him, but I don't persuade him.

"He tells me that you have been a father to him all his days. He is attached to you and to your family, and he will not join me without your consent—think well of it, and decide quickly.

"My offer cannot be repeated, and it must be yea or nay this week, which is nearly out. I have a troupe of singers and performers training for next season, for an engagement that I have entered into. They need no great knowledge of music for what they have to do. I could prepare this Alf in six days for what I want. If he will devote himself, and you consent, I will instruct him and provide for him, say twelve months, certain; then, after that, we shall enter into a fresh engagement with each other, or Alf may go back to his gipsey friends."

Falkland listened attentively, then replied:—

"I am sorry to lose Alf, but I will be no bar. Let him try a year, and if he comes back to me there will be a welcome for him."

"When you are at this station of yours on the common, he can see you as often as he likes."

Here the musician placed a decanter and a pair of glasses before the gipsies, who drank each a glass of some rich foreign wine. They held up their glasses before drinking, and struck them together.

"Alf, may the sun shine on you all the way," said the chief, solemnly and pathetically.

"If fate wills it," responded the amiable young heathen.

"That's settled then," said the musician. "Now, if I am to have him, he must come at once. Before you go, Falkland, let me say one word to you—there are more gipsies than live in tents."

Falkland started back, and stared at the Russian musician, who took up his violin and played on it a gipsey air, wild and sweet, then he said emphatically in a very low tone:—

"There are more gipsies than the world knows to be such."

"What are you?" asked Falkland, with intense interest.

"I am descended of the same old stock as yourself. So my heart warms to a gipsey, and I have helped on many a one, here and there. But you will be secret. You know how it is with our people everywhere. They are despised, feared, detested, and yet it is not we who have injured others, so much as others have injured us. Everywhere the name of gipsey is a word of scorn."

"So it is!" exclaimed the chief.

"Yet we are as old a people as the Jews; we came out of Egypt with them; we were the mixed multitude that Moses speaks of, and though we wandered into India, and have since been scattered like the Jews, among all nations, yet we are a nation still, and ought to be recognized as one of the oldest nations now left on the face of the earth."

"You have more learning than I," said Falkland. "No doubt it is true that you say. But you may trust that I would sooner go quick in the earth under my feet than ever betray you. Only let me hear you speak the Romany and cast me a nawken sign."

The musician carefully closed both doors, and then he quickly satisfied the chief of the reality of his strange disclosure. Petrovitch was, indeed, a son of gipsey, or Zigana Russian, parents, though the fact was known to very few. He had been a musician from his infancy, and in boyhood he sang in the choirs of St. Petersburg. Since then he had become a fine violinist, and had played at all the courts of Europe. But his strength had long been declining, and he seldom now played in public, but preferred to teach young aspirants for musical honors. In this he was eminently successful, and especially with gipsies.

Alf, therefore, had such an opportunity set before him as rarely falls to the lot of an English gipsey. If any of our readers imagine that Mr. Petrovitch's revelation was improbable, let them read what Mr. Borrow says in his well known work on the gipsies of Spain. Some will be surprised to learn that, among the gipsies of Moscow, there are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher order of Russians neither in appearance nor mental acquirements. The sums obtained by gipsey females singing in the choirs enable them to support their relations in affluence and luxury. Some are married to Russians, and no one who has visited Russia can but be aware that a lovely and accomplished countess of the noble and numerous family of Tolstoy is, by birth, a Zigana, and was originally one of the principal attractions of a Romany choir at Moscow.

Out of 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 gipsies now known (and how many more millions are unknown?) to be roving over the various countries of Europe, Asia and America, how many are in a state at this moment of conscious, or unconscious preparation for a great artistic career?

Under the names of Bohemians of France, Heydens, or heathens of Holland, wandering Tartars, Spanish Gitanos, Zingari or Charami—that is, robbers of the countries of the Moors and Arabians—or Zincali of South America, or whatever other names the gipsies are known by, this race has constantly exhibited a tendency under favorable circumstances to produce artists.

The innate talents of the race are unquestionable, and are greatly assisted by their handsome, graceful, and dignified persons. The gipsies of Transylvania maintain themselves chiefly by music, and those of Wallachia are fond of and excel in it.

In Spain, many Gitanos are well known figure dancers, performers in the theatres, singers, street musicians, and many of their high and agile young men display their native dexterity in the arena of the bull fights. And though gipsies are by no means partial to the sea, yet our men of war are well acquainted with their gifts as fifers. Many of them volunteered their inspirating and well tuned airs on board the ships engaged in the last Russian war.

The gipsey musicians in the fleet at Sebastopol are not yet forgotten. The soil of England is not so favorable to gipsey genius as those which are warmer, and have brighter skies, and our gipsies are on the whole more uncivilized and primitive in their habits than those of France, Spain, or Russia.

But England, too, has had and has many gipsey musical and theatrical artists, though afraid to divulge their race. The celebrated Ada Menkin, the American actress and musician, was that strange, yet far from unhistorical compound, a Jewish gipsey. And a noted French operatic singer of the present time is a gipsey. I could mention many more. Nor has it been only in the opera, theatre, and the circus that gipsies have risen to fame. One English gipsey has forever made the name honorable, if we could only think so.

Who can forget the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," a gipsey tinker, cast into prison, who owed his eminence, wherever the English language is spoken, to his wonderful conversion to the faith of the Puritan Dissenters. Bunyan concealed his origin, but the fact is perfectly clear for all that. And Bunyan came of a race that has no written records, no books, and no manuscripts!

CHAPTER XII.

ALF JOINS PETROVITCH'S MUSICAL TROUPE.

"Be true to thy people," is written on the heart of every gipsey, and persecution has engraven it there for ever. The language by which Falkland tested the musician has been thoroughly examined by learned men during the last thirty years, and they have decided that it was originally spoken by a single and special border tribe of northern India—that it was a branch of the old Sanscript, and not without power and elegance—that the gipsies wandered from India first into Persia, and stayed there long enough to draw into their language much of Persian—that they next passed into some Greek country whence the gipsey language derived some Greek words—(their designation for 7, 8, and 9 being still Greek)—and then they went into Hungary, and so on into other countries, until there is hardly any to be named in which they are not to be found speaking in different dialects the Romany Tschib. It is this Romany which unites their scattered people all the world over. But, besides, there are certain words and formularies by which they instantly know each other, although what these formularies are no other people can discover. The chief and the musician fraternized very heartily, and conversed privately, while Alf was sent into another room where some of Petrovitch's pupils were copying manuscript music. Alf had doffed his felt hat, with the picturesque curled brim, and tossed back his straggling black locks, and he stood erect and apart from the merry group of four at a mahogany table, while they almost rudely scrutinized his appearance.

They noted his peculiar figure, very erect and elegantly built, though slight, and his prominent and striking features; they noted also the mixture of gentleness, humor, and self command of his behavior; and a certain tone of wild picturesqueness in his costume and general appearance.

"He is a gipsey," whispered a handsome, volatile, forward girl of twenty-two, attired in a "Girl of the Period" style.

"Nonsense," responded her elder married sister, rising, and going to an open piano to try the effect of a passage she had been copying.

"Miss Fanny Forester, you are a girl of lively imagination," said a young gentleman, not overburdened with wit or sense, but afflicted with an intense desire to be distinguished for the former.

"Mr. Albert, will you mind your theme, or I shall report you to the maestro."

The fourth of these lively students, a mild and pensive young man, with ginger hair parted down the middle, here arose, and pushed a chair towards Alf, who bowed slightly but remained standing, turning to look at a picture on the wall. It was a wild forest scene, with gipsies dancing by moonlight, painted with very fine moonlight and characteristic effects.

"He is looking at his brother," whispered the forward young lady, and she and Albert burst into laughter, which they had extreme difficulty in subduing.

"Tell us, young man, are you really a gipsey, the idea of which seems to amuse these young people so much?" asked Mrs. Vermont, the married sister of Miss Forester. Alf did not appear to hear, but simply smiled. The question was repeated. Still he did not hear it apparently, but said:—

"It is not my fault that I am here. Mr. Petrovitch sent me."

"What did he send you for?"

"That he will tell you, if he please. Where was this picture painted?"

"In Spain," answered Miss Forester. "And that is a forest scene. Do you like it?"

"Very much. All the forests are pretty nigh gone out of England. And all the commons are going after them, and soon there won't be anything but ugly towns to be seen."

"So you don't like towns?" said Miss Forester.

"I like the fields and the heaths far better."

"It is to be hoped you will keep to them all your life. Is there anything else you like besides fields and heaths? I did not ask you, Mr. Albert, because I know your answer beforehand. You like me better than all things."

"That is a good joke," responded the young gentleman, laughing and coloring so much as to impart the desired zest to Miss Forester's nonsense, and then there was more smothered laughter.

"Really, you are a pair of very silly, ill-behaved children," interposed Mrs. Vermont, who had been a girl of the period ten years before, but was now sobered by the necessities of an early widowhood, with three children and no fortune, except what she derived from music.

Walter Greville, the mild, pensive student, left the room to speak to the master, and returned to beckon Alf out of the students' room into a small, neat, enclosed garden, where he left him alone with Petrovitch.

"I made a blunder in sending you into that room," said the musician. "But now away with you, through yonder garden door. Don't come here to-morrow, but be at Shepley Station at two o'clock, and when you see me on the platform, and I go into a first class carriage, go you into a third of the same train, with all your bag and baggage. When we alight, I need not tell you by no means to speak to me, or make the slightest recognition; you would be none of our blood if you did not know how to behave among the Gorgios," I shall get into a cab, and you will leave your traps, all of them, in the luggage office, to be called for. Then go straight, by omnibus, to this address in Piccadilly."

He put a sovereign into Alf's hand, who looked down into his palm with a doubtful air, and then up at the queer Tartan face of the musician.

"You look as if you had not handled many of these things," said Petrovitch. "That is your first week's pay, and you will earn it by doing as I direct you. I am now captain, understand."

"Yes, I know, but shall I see you there?"

"I am going there, and shall meet you. You look half afraid."

"No, indeed, master. But must I live in a house?" Petrovitch laughed.

"Inevitable," he answered, comically.

"I shan't like that—but never mind, anything for fortune—and Rhoda." The last two words he kept to himself.

Petrovitch was afraid of losing him.

"You are under engagement to me for six months of the London season."

"Very well, master," but Alf plainly hesitated.

"Would you like more money?"

"No, master, thank you."

"What is it, then, you do want? I can't set up a camp in the heart of west London. You must leave all the fleshpots of Egypt behind you. One thing I can tell you for your comfort—you'll get no such cooking as the gipsies feast upon if your tribe resembles mine. Our people are not merely born singers, musicians and dancers, but also cooks. Nature made them unapproachable in this as in other arts that the rest of mankind give them little praise for. But you're my man now, Alf."

"Yes, master, thank you. But will these things do?" looking down at his dress, which was similar to that of his chief's. A broad-striped, full-pocketed, buttoned up coat, of coarse cloth, and a bright green neckerchief.

"No, these things won't do at all, Alf. Nor these either," taking into his hand the flowing black locks that curled about the back of Alf's neck. "But leave all that to me. You will soon have all the gipsey taken out of your appearance. Another thing—your name. Of course you have rung the changes as you traveled with the tribe. But let all that go. Take the name that I shall call you by when we meet in Piccadilly."

"I shall miss my comrades."

"No doubt but you will find others."

"They will not be my own folk."

"But you will visit your own folk when you like."

Alf brightened up at the thought.

"It is a new life opening before you, my good lad. Keep up your courage and don't fail to come to Piccadilly."

"I won't."

Again he stood hesitating and doubting, then abruptly observed:—

"How well you speak English, master."

"I ought to, Alf; I have spoken it these forty years. I have had good English friends, and now I mean to pass the rest of my days in this land."

"And I should like to go where that picture on your wall came from."

"Ah!" exclaimed the musician with emotion, "that was the forest of Warlesken, in Polish Russia, where my tribe always spend the hot months of every year. The painter little knew, when I gave him the order and paid him high for it, that Petrovitch himself was born in that forest, among that very people."

"You go to see the place sometimes?"

"Ah, yes, surely. The old spot is always dear—always—forever.

"A great deal of my best music that I have produced came out of that forest, and was composed before I was born; all I have done has been to write what the gipsies sing, and improve it, or, it may be, mar it; at all events alter it to suit my employers. One of my best gipsey choruses, admired everywhere, is regularly sung still in that forest, by that people, and, as you see in the picture, you will have similar work to mine. Learn to write music, get the science of it well into your head, and set down all the songs of your tribe, and hunt out all you can from the English nawkens—travelers you and I always call them, of course—and the dances of the British heaths and commons, let me know them all. There may be something in them new to me, and we will make them shower gold into our pockets. I have a good troupe, capable of learning anything—next season must realize money for us all—every one."

"Are any others of the troupe the same as us?"

"Yes, but I am almost afraid to whisper that fact here, as I have paying students here who are quick and prying. Take care what you are about."

"No fear, master. Who can deceive like the travelers when they set about it?"

"None others in the wide world. And who made us deceivers? they only who have to reap the fruit of their own planting. Now away, to-morrow at two—at Shepley Station—then at six, at the address you hold in your hand; you can read a little, I find."

"Yes, master. Thanks to Mr. Harvey, who comes to teach whenever our people will let him."

"Ah, Harvey. Yes. He is no common gorgio that. He is a 'brother' of something or another, I know not what. But his heart is in his work. He is a good man. I suppose you don't understand the Bible, Alf? Speak true."

"Absolon did. The chief's son."

"Ah, yes. I've just heard his dismal story. And I shan't forget Absolon's base assassin; whoever harms one of us has all of us to fear. I've got his name by heart. But answer me my question?"

"What do you think of it, master?"

"Gipsey like, you parry my inquiry. Hear me then. I am a Catholic Christian, as far as truth to myself and my own people will let me be; the fact is, my wife was an Irish Catholic, and I wish to be as she was, that's about it. But I'm far away from that. Now, you?"

"I know nothing, one way or the other, master."

"And what you do not know you cannot tell. And so off with you. Take your farewells, and trust the rest to me."

Alf was gone by one route and his chief Falkland by another, back to the encampment on Shepley Common.

CHAPTER XIII.

RHODA'S SORROWFUL DESTINY.

Rhoda was sitting on a felled tree under a high bank. Gideon was feeding the horses near, and casting looks toward her, which met no response, for her face was studiously averted from him. She was sewing an apron for her mother. She threw it aside when she saw Alf approaching and rose quickly, with a glad, brilliant smile in her fine large eyes and about her exquisite, ruddy mouth, which disclosed the perfect rows of teeth that Buall Holmes had admired even in the moments of his danger.

Gideon—whom the chief valued as a rare specimen of the "full blood gipsey"—was less so in appearance than Alf, his rival. Gideon was stouter and shorter, less graceful, less agile, less pleasing. Cunning and sinister passions lurked in every lineament of his face. The true gipsey physiognomy, all writers agree, is the same in its essential characteristics in all parts of the world. The skin tawny, the forehead low and broad, the nose long but seldom arched like the Jewish, the cheek bones prominent but agreeably shaped, the mouth especially beautiful, with ruddy lips, and fine teeth, the hair as lustrous and of the color of coal, the eyes large, black, and well set, the whole face extremely and peculiarly expressive. The figure admirable for strength, shape, and agile movement, and, however tawdry, or squalid, or dirty, or ludicrous

* Ouida people than the gipsies.

SUMMER SIPPINGS.

THE BEVERAGE OF ALL NATIONS.

Sweden.

This "waiter girl" is not quite so buxom as the Russian, but she appears to be the centre of attraction for the convivialists about her.

Vienese Brewery Girls.

Here, too, the dispenser of beer evidently relies more upon the "get up" of his waiter girls than upon the excellence of his beverage.

Bavaria.

Here we behold something substantial in the way of female charms, and it is not to be wondered at that the beer drinkers of Bavaria take such comfort in "zwi glas bier" when "fetched" by such luscious looking damsels.

America.

Here we see a couple enjoying that great summer luxury, the "cobbler," which heels every ill, and brings joy to down-trodden souls.

All Hail.

This young gentleman (with his helpmate behind him) is a dispenser of ale, and may be seen in many of our New York "English Chop Houses" doing the honors of the bar.

Holland.

This lovely waiter girl—with her foaming glass of beer—is a Dutch specimen of sweetness and modesty. Ems.

English Alewives.

While the young damsel attends to the wants of her patrons, the elderly lady in spectacles accompanies her on her rounds to give weight to the establishment.

More Holland.

This pious looking gentleman, whose appearance denotes the preacher rather than the drawer of beer, is another (masculine) specimen of Dutch sweetness and modesty

Russia.

Here we see that feminine charms have a greater influence upon the beholders than the drinks which the "pretty waiter girl" is about to hand to her customers. Beauty will tell.

All England.

What is it that these gentlemen desire to take? They seem to fancy the personal charms of the pretty waiters rather than their beverages. Certainly, they present great attractions behind the bar.

China.

What it is the Chinese waiter girls have to dispose of in the way of beverages it is difficult to conjecture. An American sailor, on being asked, in a Chinese drinking saloon, what he would take, replied: "Tea, tea, coffee-tea, and a little chocolaritee."

France.

Our very polite French caterer is insinuating to his customers that good wine and bullfrogs legs are the bonds of all nations.

there is always visible about a true gipsey something of original taste that is striking and picturesque.

These "lost geniuses of humanity," as they have been happily styled, were plainly to be recognized in Falkland's family and clan, and in none better than in Gideon, though he was less handsome than many of his companions. His age was twenty-eight, and his undoubted talents had long been thrown into the horse trade, at which he was such an adept that he was worth enough money to become himself the head of a tribe, and he had a large number of young men ready to join with him, but he dissembled and submitted in all things to Falkland for the sole sake of Rhoda. The promise that Falkland had given him he well knew was extorted more by dread than by love of him, and he believed that Falkland wished but durst not retract. Now he watched Alf meeting Rhoda, and jealous pangs moved him to rage, which he concealed as well as he was able.

Gipsey girls are most carefully guarded, and are married at a very early age by arrangement of their parents, which they seldom venture to dispute. Younger sisters are seldom permitted to marry before the elder. Rhoda had no sister, and spirited and resolute though she was, she never dreamed of opposing her father's will. The fatalism in which she was immersed gave her quietness, though it might be that of despair or desperation. The doom to marry Gideon was set before her.

"It is my lot, and were it to enter into a burning lime kiln I would go forward, if father willed it so."

This she said to Alf, who did not try to persuade her to disobedience, but warmly suggested hope.

"The captain will change his mind if I get on. He likes me better than Gideon; it is only Gideon's horses and his money that are against me. But he has a false heart to the Falklands, and a knavish temper, and you will shed tears often, my darling, if you are his wife!"

"Alf, you know I care little for him. But what is a girl like me to do? Do not grieve me!"

She walked beside him toward a beautiful black pony that was cropping the grass with eager appetite, and stood still at a little distance from it, holding out her hand, and calling it, "Pretty! come!" It came straight to her hand, and she caressed it fondly, with soft and winning tones. No one can long observe the gipsies without discovering their kindness to animals. There may be careless and cruel natures among them, who, under some circumstances, would manifest wilful or unintentional cruelty, but the general tendency of the gipsies decidedly is to kindness. How could it be otherwise? Their children, from babyhood, make pets and playthings of all kinds of living creatures that come in their way. Their caravans are hung with bird cages. The "piggy" is a constant amusement as it grunts in its straw under hooped canvas, or behind a ragged curtain under the caravan.

The youngsters delight to race over the field to look after the donkeys or the horses, proud to be employed by "father" to help to take care of them, and guide their steps, in case they are disposed to stray. And the "chicks," and all the other species of animated nature which are collected about an encampment, are the first intimate friends of young gipseydom. This is a very pleasing feature of the race, and not sufficiently considered by those who denounce or despise them.

One outcoud aggregation may certainly be made. The gipsies may look at the animal life around them with other eyes than ours, for this reason—they are believers in transmigration of souls, and they know not who may inhabit the creatures they caress. There is an element of darker mystery even in this, for there are certain animals they will not eat on account of the class of spirits which they suppose dwells in them. One of these prohibited creatures is the eel.

Rhoda leaned her beautiful head against the shoulder of her favorite black pony, as Alf bade her good-bye.

"You will get into London ways and forget me," she said plaintively. "But I shall miss you often."

"I love you too well to forget you, darling. Besides, I have the charm you gave me, and I wear it on my heart."

"But, Alf, mother says your fate lies far away from me."

"Rhoda, darling, don't you think that. How do we know that the cards tell true?"

"Mother's cards tell true," exclaimed Rhoda.

"She has told things beforehand that never came to pass."

"But many things fell out just as she said?"

"That may have been all chance, dear."

"Chance? as if mother was no more than other women. Her mother could read the stars as well as the cards, and the lines of life, and all the lucky and unlucky signs of the east. She came from France, and was a Bohemian witch. Ages ago, father says, the French would have burned her, as they burned their Joan of Arc, for listening to 'voices.' Father told us all about that, you know. He heard about it from grandmother."

"But Rhoda," said the young man very gravely, "I don't want you to be a witch. I know the Falklands have a power that others have not got—at least the tent folks all say so—and you say so. But I want all your power to be true love for me. I fear this witchery, my darling."

"So do I, Alf. I hate it. 'Tis a gloomy thing. If I knew how to rid myself of my gift I would throw it away this moment, and never want to take it again."

"Take *me* instead."

Rhoda went on:—"When my grandmother sat in her tent some of the proudest ladies of the court came to her to know their fortunes, and so she made a deal of money. They gave her rich presents, too—beautiful things. You have not seen them. Silks and velvets, and silver and gold. But now, mother would be sent to prison if it were known that she told fortunes—even here on this common—she only dare do it in secret."

"I don't want you to do it at all, my Rhoda. There is evil comes of it, in more ways than one."

The two were still talking, screened by the pony from Gideon, when he came round and, looking steadfastly on Alf, asked him if he had said his say to Rhoda. Alf answered him not one word, but with a tender, lingering gaze on that beautiful face, he walked quietly away. Then tears stood in Rhoda's eyes, which Gideon observed.

"You love him!" he exclaimed abruptly.

"Suppose I do," she quickly rejoined.

"Suppose you do! Do you say this to me?"

"No, to the grass, or the pony, or the clouds," she answered, jeeringly.

"Have a care how you treat me."

"Why, Gideon, why?"

"Because I can be dangerous."

"I defy you, I hate you; I have told you so before, and I tell you so again."

"Look here, Rhoda, I won't be angry. Alf is going away from the tribe, let him go; let him never return, then I will not be his enemy, but if he steps between you and me any more——"

"What then?" She walked closer to Gideon, and, with concentrated energy, exclaimed, "But for my father I would follow Alf to the world's end, rather than share your tent, or call you husband. But my father may yet give me to Alf."

"I'll tell you a secret, pretty Rhoda; your father dare not do that."

"Dare not?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because if he does I shall show that I am his equal."

"I tell you, Gideon, you are not worthy to pitch his tent or tether his horses, much less his equal."

"We shall see by-and-bye."

"Until we do, speak no more to me."

She turned from him with fiery scorn, and sought her father, who was directing a number of young lads to place on carts a quantity of old metal that had just been brought down from London in the caravans, for the gipsies are, and always have been, skilful workers in metals, and a great deal was done by this tribe in that way. He looked at her, and he saw that her face was disturbed, and her manner excited. Self-control is constantly impressed on gipsey minds, and they practice it to a wonderful extent, for in all their dealings with outsiders they are more or less acting. Their dramatic talents are constantly in reqnisition, and even among themselves they must constantly play their parts, or the community would soon be like angry bees. Falkland had constant trouble to school the stormy nature of his daughter, of whom he was as proud and fond as it were possible for a father to be of an only daughter, who, among all the clever and beautiful girls of the tribe, was the most clever and beautiful. He called her to him, and led her away out of observation. His manner to her was grave and firm.

"What ails thee, my Rhoda?"

She pressed both hands over her beating heart, and looked at him with a beseeching glance that he perfectly understood.

"What dost say, my girl?"

"Father," she paused, "Gideon threatens you. If you do not do as he wishes he will show that he is your equal. Have him put to the proof and put ished."

The chief maintained a stolid gravity. "Rhoda, it is not for you to raise the whirlwind. Be still."

His command was full of dignity. He pointed to her mother's tent, and she instantly walked thither, her whole frame quivering with suppressed passion.

Her mother was mending a broken basket. Rhoda fell sobbing into her arms, and clung around her neck. The mother fondly kissed and soothed her, and when she heard what Gideon had said she went at once to her husband. Rhoda looked after her and uttered a low cry:—"Oh, Alf, take me away with you, for I will die sooner than ever wa k into Gideon's tent."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOGARDUS' GREAT MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On the 8th inst., Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the celebrated Western pigeon shot, will undertake his difficult match against time at Detroit, Mich., in which he will be governed by the following articles:—

Articles of agreement entered into between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of Elkhart, Illinois, and O. M. Bagley, of Detroit, Michigan, as follows:—Said Bogardus bets said Bagley the sum of $250 that he can kill 500 live birds, single rises, on the wing, from one ground trap, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary, within 350 consecutive minutes, using muzzle-loading guns, do all his own loading within the time specified, use no tape or coil caps, no cartridges, the birds all to be gathered by the shooter or his assistants, within the time specified, and no parties allowed to assist in trapping, dusking or gathering, except those employed by said Bogardus. The birds, in case they do not rise, to be flushed either by moving the line from the trap, or throwing something by hand, and in case the bird does not fly he is allowed to call no bird. said Bogardus also wagers the sum of $250 that in this same match, and under the same rules, except the boundary shall be fifty yards instead of eighty yards, that he will kill 500 pigeons within 350 consecutive minutes; said match to be shot at Detroit, Michigan, at Association Park, the 8th day of July, 1869, weather permitting. As an earnest to the making the parties to this agreement have deposited in the hands of A. W. Tirrell, of the Cass Hotel, a forfeit of $100, a further deposit of $100, to be deposited with the same stakeholder one week previous to the match, the remainder of the stake to be put up the day previous to shooting the match. If the law agreed as a consideration in said match, that if the party shooting is killed by accident of his gun during said match, the money shall be drawn, and if the shooter is by accident injured so as to render him unable to shoot, by decision of judges and referee, he shall be allowed to select another man to shoot said match, or ten days to recover and shoot the match himself.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ Correspondents advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Boston Boat Puller.—In the Empire City Regatta, held October 6, 1863, Jim Biglin and Denny Leary pulled the "Joe King" in the double-scull race, and came in ahead, making the five miles in 29:07; but they were ruled out because they did not appear in line at the time of starting of the other boats. There were two entries for the four-oared race:—The "George J. Brown," with Denny Leary, James and Barney Biglin and another as crew; and the "C. A. Peverelly," with J. Eckerson, W. Burns, John Biglin and another as crew, but the Peverelly failed to appear and the race didn't take place. John Biglin (who also pulled part of the distance in the double-scull race), won the single-scull race, five miles in which Leary also started, but broke his stretcher and had to withdraw.

B. B. Constant Reader.—1. A having an opportunity to take, at draughts, and failing to do so, his opponent, B, could have taken the piece off the board with which he, A, should have taken, or "huffed" him, as it is technically termed, and then gone on with his own move; or he, B, could have insisted on A's move being retracted and compelled him to take, whichever he pleased. 2. Barney Aaron and Sam Collyer fought twice; the first time on June 20th, 1866, Collyer winning; the second on June 13th, 1867, when Barney proved victor.

Toronto South.—1. He has been married twice. His first wife was Mary Devlin, who died, leaving him a beautiful child, who still lives. 2. In a racing pool, the privilege of having the choice of horses in a race is put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder; the second and third choice is then sold, and so on until all the horses are taken. The party buying the winning horse takes all the money.

Han Fatter.—1. Frank Kerns had the biggest benefit, his receipts reaching $750. Dody Pastor had a little over $500. T. G. Rigg about $400, George Thompson—afternoon and evening—$457, John Mulligan about $350, and Collier and Grover about $200. 2. John Nunan is in England.

R. G. S.—If your statement is correct, the stakeholder has no right to give the party you bet with his money back, when you had made your stake good. You must hold the stakeholder responsible for the amount.

Smoke, East Birmingham, Pa.—Allen beat Bill Davis, and was beaten by Gallagher prior to his fight with McCoole, and since he landed on our shores. It was a mistake, and the bet should be drawn.

Boston Subscriber.—1. The lady is at present in this city, also her *corps de ballet*. 2. It is their intention to re-organize for next fall. 3. The company will probably visit your city after they close in Philadelphia.

R. B.—The first regular American railroad was the Hudson and Mohawk, between Albany and Schenectady, N. Y. Trains commences running to Albany on the 12th of August, 1830. There were several "miniature" railroads, with wooden tracks, prior to this.

Phœnix, Boston.—E. L. Davenport's Hamlet is considered as correct an impersonation as that of any actor now on the American stage.

Observer, St. Louis, Mo.—You have been misinformed in regard to Coyne's record; besides we made a notice of him at the time of his arrival.

Keno, Carthage, Mo.—Not that we are aware of. Guess you are thinking of the assault upon Bill Davis while he was training for his fight with Allen.

H. A. B., Franklin, Conn.—A man wins who bets on a certainty, provided he does not use fraud or misrepresentation to induce the other party to bet with him.

M. F. O., Cambridge, Mass.—In the vicinity of Barnegat and Tom's River, N. J., you will find excellent shooting of the kind you require. We do not know the expense of boarding there.

Peanut Boy.—Gill loses; the peanut is the seed vessel and seed of a leguminous plant, called also, earthnut or groundnut. It lies upon, or is buried in the earth, where it ripens.

Wanderer, Salem.—He is the same lady that appeared in this city at the Tammany. 2. We have no back numbers of the Clipper of that date. 3. Lent's New York Circus.

Willie.—1. She is considered a good burlesque actress. 2. Carlo Patti and Nelse Seymour were the lady's husbands.

W. B. S., Chicago.—The fastest pacing time was made by Billy Boyce, under saddle—2:15½; 2:14¼; 2:20¾.

J. G., Yorkville.—In tossing with an American half dollar, the goddess of liberty is the head, and the eagle the tail.

Poker, St. Louis.—1. Three aces beat a flush of three diamonds. 2. Three cards only of a kind do not constitute a flush.

T. W. O.—Yes; they played with the Unions of Morrisania, and were beaten by them.

H., Chicago, Ill.—As H's miss put W. out, there was no necessity for W. resuming the run, as the game was end d

Theatricals.—They are at present on their farm in the interior of this State. We have no time to answer correspondents by mail.

Buttons, Syracuse.—Andy Leavitt is the author of those negro sketches. A letter sent to our care will reach him.

Magician, Pittsfield.—We know of no way that a letter would reach him sooner than in our care.

Louis, St. Louis.—She sailed for England about three months ago.

R. J., Oak Falls, N. Y.—We do not know the price. You can obtain a copy by addressing the author, in our care.

Y.—You will have to ask the gentleman himself, as we know nothing of his private affairs.

E. S. P., Boston.—We have already made arrangements for next season.

W. J., Detroit.—B can order up, and play alone, and if he succeeds in taking five tricks he is entitled to four points.

R. E. A., St. Paul, Minn.—Bill Clark has Fistiana for sale. You can obtain a copy by enclosing $1.50 to him, care of this office.

W. H. R., Westfield, Mass.—B is out first, his low counting before C's high, Jack.

W. B., Boston.—B loses, for to win he must beat 11, the number thrown before he made the bet that he could beat it.

E. A., Boston, Mass.—You can order it through Wilmer & Rogers, 67 Nassau street, this city.

Anxious, of Mackerelville.—1. Tom Sayers and Nat Langham fought only once, when the latter won. 2. No.

Chesse it, Cully, West Philadelphia, Pa.—Donnelly and Cooper fought near Curragh Kildare, Ireland, on December 11, 1815.

R. H. S., Salem.—In the advertisement will cost 75 cents for each insertion. Duplicate if you wish it to be inserted.

Many Readers.—We are unable to give you the gentleman's real name.

A Reader, Philadelphia, Pa.—The fight between Heenan and Sayers was declared a draw.

S. L., Johnstown, N. Y.—1. Mace won in his first fight with Tom King. 2. No.

Borgia, Philadelphia.—Write to S. French, theatrical book publisher, this city, who can give you all the information.

Jon and Charley, Indianapolis.—Dexter never went in a public race with a running mate.

Senton House, Washington.—The dealer can turn the last card for the trump.

Parread.—She was formerly a *ballet* dancer, and was at 444 Broadway about eight years ago.

Stakeholder, Washington.—B wins. Sixteen to five is a better score than 24 to 8, as it exhibits a better display of fielding.

C. C. F.—The Athletics, of Philadelphia, and Atlantics play on the 5th.

R. McC., Hinsdale, N. H.—Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, 19 Ann street, this city, for Ed. Price's work on the subject.

Base Ballist, Carthage, Mo.—The challenging club has the choice.

L. A. B., Washington.—B wins. See answer to stake-holder.

Constant Reader, Washington.—We do not know his full name.

E. D. C., Shamburg, Pa.—1. Brief enough. 2. No.

C. H., Central City, Cal.—They have only a few for sale.

Enquirer, Cincinnati.—Fifty dollars.

Actor.—The letter has been sent.

W. A. M., Boston.—Fifty dollars.

"Local."—O. K.

D. K. P., Boston.—Fourteen dollars.

L. M. B., Cincinnati.—They are two different parties.

On the Lay.—Our Methodist friends are voting on the question of allowing "Lay Representation" in their conferences. The greater part of the members favor the measure as being a wise and just one, and just the opposite are the views of the minority. Lay Representation, according to their representation, will break up their itinerant ministry, and then Methodism will be in a bad fix. However, their little unpleasantness is not in our line, our's being a sporting paper, though we do occasionally peep through the key-hole to see what the brethren are about. Many papers, *not* religious, devote several columns to pious matters. If religious societies are, as they are said to be, "the pillars of civilization," it is right for these papers to devote to those *pillars* the support of their *columns*. "We will now be dismissed." "Our Jim" thinks that the brethren are "all pretty heavy on the lay," as he calls it, but he evidently doesn't understand the meaning of the word.

"Beautiful Snow," and other poems, by J. W. Watson, have been issued in a neat and clearly printed book, from the press of Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. "Beautiful Snow" is cool reading for the dog days, and should find a place in the carpet bag of every excursionist. The same publishers present to public notice the dramatic novel of "Married," in which subject the unmarried as well as married have a deep interest.

Some of our Municipal Solons might, with profit, take a leaf from the books of the authorities in Pesth, where, it is said, when a contractor for cleaning the streets is delinquent, and does not fulfil his *contract*, they *contract* the area of his operations by putting him in jail till the work is performed.

It is a great pity that there is such a bitter feeling in California against the Chinese. The coolies seem to be treated very coolly by the white folks, and in some cases violence is used towards them.

"Our Jim" has discovered the reason why clothing manufactured by tailors is stronger and more durable than garments manipulated by ladies' dress makers. It is because they are suits of *male*.

The Papers are telling of a young man out west who has had one of his finger nails made into a pen. It is likely, then, that he has now *penmanship at his finger ends*.

Strange.—An individual named *Walker* is *running* for Governor, in Virginia, on the Conservative Republican ticket.

A New Profession for the President—Dent-ist.

THE FOURTH OF JULY!

The occurrence of the anniversary of a nation's nativity is an event of no small moment; yet, accustomed as we are, in this century of progress, to the happening of historical marvels, we are prone to bestow less importance upon retrospective incidents than their importance demands. Living upon the threshold of the Future, contemplative of the Present, it is our misfortune not to heed the lessons of the Past, and still that Past indicates a pregnant story of that which is to come.

"The Fourth of July!" Few words can be utterred to one, born upon this soil, evoking more tender reminiscenses, more touching memories. We speak not of those dwelling beneath the shadow of a home, for, to them the occurrence of even a great event, connected with our national history, may pass away in comparative oblivion as a thing of every day existence; but to the wayfarer, the wanderer, isolated for the moment from his native land, no phrase in speech can create a more profound sentiment than this simple enunciation of our country's natal day. And as the sphere of American usefulness has increased; as we, by the drift of inevitable commerce and by the dictates of civilizing impulses, have been wafted into foreign realms and other climes, we carry with us consciousness of being a free man, born amid the land of the free, whose freedom was generated by the heroic act, commemorated by the simple title of the day of its birth.

Few men who signed the Declaration of Independence of these, the United States of America, were aware of the wonderful political effects that document was destined to produce, not in America alone, but throughout entire christendom; far into the remotest portion of the civilized world has not knowledge of that most concise and emphatic exposition of human rights penetrated to a greater or less degree? None of those plain, straightforward, stalwart yeomen, appending their names to an instrument of personal emancipation, conceived at the time that they had embodied a protest of wrong against well accredited authority, applicable to all people in all quarters of the earth. Yet, nevertheless, such is the case, for in declaring their own wrongs, and in asserting their own rights, the practical men inaugurating our revolution, used the text for mankind, as the sovereignty of the individual is universal, and they spoke not for a time but for all ages. Martin Luther, in the great Reformation, struck the shackles from off the mind, but the signers to our Declaration of Independence freed soul and body by a bold, fearless and emphatic arraignment of England's king, not as the monarch of England, but as an exponent of divine and hereditary right, the type of a class who had ruled, but whose rule, upon fundamental principles of right and justice, was to be no more. Against George, sovereign of Great Britain, no man personally battled; he raised his voice against kingcraft, and, in so doing, undermined the pretence upon which regal authority builds its flimsy foundations. The Declaration of July 4th, 1776, although designed for a special purpose, and accepted as such, was, in actuality, an enunciation of universal liberty, of the enfranchisement of the subject, of the creation of the citizen, of the destruction of vassalage, and of the independence of man in his individual and social relations.

The master minds who framed the Declaration of our Independence were radically perspective, for, forced into an uncontemplated emergency, they dealt in general allities, which could be applied not only to their own cause but to that of all revolutionary communities. In fact, they lived in theory, as experience has demonstrated, half a century beyond their age, and, therefore, ought we not to admire men of such prophetic sagacity, when we of the third generation have absolutely carried out the ideas by them foreshadowed?

We have, at this season, particular reasons for admiring the wonderful, yet simple, majesty of the document, upon which is based the fabric of our nationality, for, in that inimitable charter of universal freedom, we can, at this present moment, read the destiny designed for us by those who were our national creators. In our accepted version of the Declaration of Independence, modified, as it was, by the peculiar circumstances of an inorganic political existence, we have these remarkable words, "all men are born free and equal," while in the original draft of the document there was a clause enumerating that, among other arbitrary acts of the British sovereign, he had unlawfully and inhumanly countenanced the capture and sale of negroes and foisted their captivity and slavery upon the colonies, a maintenance then regarded as a grievance.

The abolition of slavery thoroughly completes all the intentions manifested to the world by the framers of our Great Republic, and in the compendium of political wisdom they have bequeathed us, can we not recognize the handwriting, directing our steps to further and higher greatness, for, although incidentally forgetful of our destiny, we must nevertheless be assured that the spirits of our forefathers watch over us, firmly believing that their one act on the Fourth day of July, ninety-three years ago, was not the deed of a day, but for the benefit of generations as yet unborn.

THE OCEAN BANK ROBBERY.

None can deny but that the community at large have been completely astounded by the mysterious and apparently bold robbery of the Ocean Bank in this city; but, when we come to analyze the manner in which that wonderful job was accomplished, the astonishment of an unsophisticated public must augment rather than decrease. We are told that the basement beneath the bank vault had been hired by a peculiarly romantic individual who did no business under pretence of being an insurance broker, and that from the apartments of the gentleman of leisure a hole had been made by a deal of mechanical labor, whereby access could be had into the room of the president of the institution. We are, morever, told that the burglars, after indulging in all this unnecessary toil and trouble, presented, as a memento of their obligations to the bank officials, various overcoats, jimmies, dark lanterns, jackscrews, augers and other implements, which are popularly believed to be the outfit of a burglarious expert upon the most extensive scale.

But it unfortunately appears that all this paraphernalia was in no wise employed for the purpose of opening the vault of the bank, wherefrom the amount of near a million of dollars, the property of private individuals, was extracted, while the assets of the institution, and particularly the tellers' cash, in canvas bags, easy of conveyance, were religiously respected, thereby giving an impression that the felonious portion of our community have greater confidence in the securities of our government than in the products of its mintage. Indeed, these presumptive robbers have set a splendid example to our national bondholders, clamoring for ultimate gold payments, by actually refusing to accept metallic dross, when within their reach, and by carrying off non-negotiable paper evidences of indebtedness. And the consciences of these inestimable burglars seem to be so tender as to the inviolability of bank property that they took the trouble of returning to the president of the corporation, through the mediumship of a police captain, his individual property, singularly interlarded among checks drawn to order, and other certificates, which, as advertisements say, "can be of no use to anybody but the owner."

An investigation into the matter of this really strange robbery shows, in the opinion of competent artisans, that none of the effects, produced ocularly upon the premises, could have been accomplished by any of the valuable collection of implements so generously exchanged for the appropriation of the bank dealers' valuables. The bank officials admit that the outer door of the vault, which is generally supposed to be burglar proof, was opened by some person possessing knowledge of the intricacies of the combination forming the key, without which the chilled iron door is impossible to be moved on its hinges. Now, within this main vault are two other safes, nominally in the custody of the first, or paying, and of the second, or receiving teller, and in the latter of these is commonly kept the cashier's and discount clerks' tin boxes, containing the assets and collaterals of the bank. Wonderful to relate, on this eventful occasion, the keys of these two depositories were found hanging, we are told, up on the inside of the exterior vault door, whereas they should have been in the pockets of those who are responsible for the safety of the valuables to them entrusted, and who ordinarily give bonds for the faithful performance of the arduous duties committed to them.

No person, acquainted with the mechanism of a bank combination lock, and with the construction of a bank vault, can be induced to believe that any burglar, however expert he may be, would be insane enough to attempt the job of either picking the one or of forcing the other, and therein of accomplishing an artistic performance which their manufacturer would hesitate about undertaking. The Ocean Bank is aware that to rob its vaults required a knowledge of the combination of three, if not four keys, which are of such a structure that the point or end moving the lock is nightly detached and carried in the vest pocket of the person having its custody. The handle, upon which this "drop," as it is technically styled, is worked, is a mere piece of iron, and can be left anywhere without fear of it being employed to effect injury, and so nicely are these bank locks constructed, that a stray hair or a particle of dust will interfere in the turning of the ponderous bolts and bars dependent upon their movements.

The Ocean Bank is not responsible for the security of the tin boxes deposited in their open vault for the accommodation of dealers, but they certainly are responsible for a negligence in observing the customary precautions for preserving their own deposits and valuables. If they have really been robbed by outside parties, it is a duty the directors owe to the stockholders to explain how it chanced that a knowledge of three separate combinations, each designed as a check upon the other, could be attained by some one not immediately connected with the concern, and there is but one person in the establishment who is entitled to such information, and into whose hands the duplicate keys of all the vaults are committed, while to the porter and the tellers are assigned the guardianship of those only connected with their particular provinces. Now-a-days, people grow peculiarly suspicious over unexplained mysteries, and there are even parties uncharitable enough to insinuate that banks may find it convenient to rob themselves.

"SMART SAYINGS."

It is our opinion that if the subject would admit of a thorough investigation, it would be found that wonderfully few of the reputed examples of smart conversation were ever spoken at all. It is so much easier to write a good thing than to speak it; and yet a good thing sounds so much more piquant if supposed to be uttered off hand, than if looked upon as a deliberate coinage. So the result is, that almost every clever invention of our witty writers is put down as the utterance of some one or other. Of course it is not to be denied that we have had smart talkers, as well as smart writers. There are a few men who possessed brilliant reputations solely on the strength of their talking abilities. But even with the most noted there is always a feeling of disappointment in reading their best witticisms. They often fall below the average of the ordinary newspaper joke in point. As the offshoot of the moment they seem to sparkle sufficiently, but their polish does not wear well. And it seems something like folly to attempt their preservation. Take such noted quick wits as Brinsley Sheridan, or Foote, the comedian, or Selwyn, and how few really good things, such as their reputations might lead us to look for, have come down to us. We hear of them as astonishing and delighting society with their wondrous powers of conversation; but when we really want some of their happiest efforts, we must go to their comedies for them. Sheridan has fathered a few really witty replies. His answer to his father, when the latter wanted him to arise early one morning, is one. The parent solemnly impressed upon his son the fact that it was the early bird that had the felicity of crunching the early worm. The boy's well known answer, that the worm was served just right for getting up so soon, was genuine wit. So, too, Foote, when a languishing lady made the remark that a certain young nobleman "had the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty," made a whispered answer worth telling. It was in rhyme:—

"Then as like as two chips
Are his *head* and his lips."

It is curious to note how seldom men great with the pen or the sword are equally so with the tongue. But then this peculiarity runs through all grades of life. Many men, wise in their professions, are almost fools in conversation. Oliver Goldsmith was styled an inspired idiot. La Fontaine, the French fable writer, was considered by his contemporaries a blundering simpleton. Garrick, the actor, himself no contemptible wit, hit off poor Goldsmith severely when he said he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Chesterfield, the author of the letters, wrote well, but talked better than he wrote. Johnson, of dictionary fame, was jealous of him, and called him a "lord among wits and a wit among lords." But that was not just, for he was a wit anywhere. He got off a good remark when some obscure fellow married the daughter of a certain very noted lady, whose way of life made the paternity of the young lady more than doubtful. Chesterfield drily styled it the union of "Nobody's son to Everybody's daughter." A foolish young baronet, who was very tall, once challenged him to make an epigram upon him (the speaker.) Chesterfield eyed him a moment and then quietly repeated:—

"Unlike my *subject* now shall be my song;
It shall be *wittily*, and it shan't be *long*!"

The epigram-seeker was satisfied. Selwyn, besides his reputation for smart talk, had a queer taste for criminal details, and also for seeing executions. When Walpole caught a burglar in his house, he sent a messenger to acquaint Selwyn with the fact. The waiter who brought word felt the full solemnity of the occasion, and in a trembling voice said:—"Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments, and he's got a housebreaker for you!" It is said that Selwyn's reputation in this respect made Lord Holland, when dying, say the only shrewd thing he had ever been guilty of. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me." Selwyn was telling this in company, when a gentleman, to try his powers, pulled him by the coat tail, and told him that his handkerchief was hanging out. "Thank you," was the reply, as he replaced it; "you probably know the company better than I do." One of his best things was gotten off, when an extravagant young blood, who had been dealing extensively with the Shylocks, absconded and fled across the channel. Selwyn remarked that "this was a *pass over* the Jews would be apt to observe." Again, when in a house of uncertain, or perhaps certain, repute, he noticed a pair of shoes lying on the cover of one of the lady inmate's beds, and drily remarked that she "slept with her shoes, because they were *pellones*."

Getting off a really smart witticism is only one way of furnishing a "good thing;" the same effect is often created in an even greater degree by that peculiar blunder of language we style a "bull." It seems queer that the reputed wittiest people should also have the greatest reputation in this respect. And yet the Irishman is the popular father of all blunders as well as of most sharp repartees. But it is doubtful whether others have not almost equal claims as "bullists." We believe Shakespeare scarcely attempted an Irish character; and yet he has plenty of Dogberries and Launcelots credited to almost every other nation. Our own Yankee character seems almost as open to the soft impeachment as that of a genuine native of Erin. The supposed Mrs. Partington owes all her humor to her verbal "bulls." "A man who'd set fire to a barn," quoth a certain New England elder, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a Jackass, *and I'd like to be the one to do it!*" There's a Yankee bull. But to go into this subject properly would deserve a separate article, and it can hardly be considered germain to "smart" sayings, properly so called.

We find now and then a really clever thing traveling the rounds of the press, credited to some one or other. And the difficulty is that one does not know whether they are real utterances, or, what is more probable, the invention of the writer. For instance, a man rushes up to a dry character in great indignation, and threatens him with a kicking. The assaulted man retorts:—"Now, look here, if you try that on, you'll find yourself a man more shinned against than shinning!" Another man sees a pig rushing off to escape the butcher, and sagely suggests that his porkship believes in the old saw, "Prevention is better than *cure*." A loafer is seen lingering listlessly about the docks, and is put down by some observant witling as a man who would make an excellent soldier, because he delights in *wharf air*. A driver of a public garbage cart (such men are apt to possess a high order of wit)—is accosted by an inquiring individual, who wishes to know what he carries in there, and promptly replies, "Oh, any kind of trash; there's room for you!" Sharp, sarcastic talk is almost certain to be used as an instrument of offence, and probably it is well for the world that there are so few who are really gifted in this respect. Just now, there is scarcely a living person who possesses any marked excusive reputation as a talker. We make a lion of one man—the President—because he can't talk. Perhaps we show our sense in so doing.

Dexter, Mr. Bonner and The President.—We recently inspected a photographic portraiture of the three above named celebrities, which is decidedly the best representation of the world-famous Dexter that we have yet seen. It represents Mr. Bonner and Gen. Grant in a road wagon, drawn by Dexter, with the General driving, the likenesses of both being unusually faithful. The artist has depicted the great king of the turf when fully extended in his wonderful stride, and has caught the superb action and easy stroke of the flyer in perfection. The portrait of the horse was drawn under the personal supervision of Mr. Bonner himself, and meets with his highest approval, as a letter from him to the artist satisfactorily testifies. We have no hesitation in saying that this is a most admirable portrait of Dexter. The artist is Mr. John W. Ehninger, and the photograph is published by Pilkington Jackson, of this city.

It is said that refuse sponges from hospitals are being sold in our streets. It will be best to refuse all such sponges.

Big Thing.—One of our exchanges says that Jubilee Gilmore is a little mite, which means, probably, that he is a mighty man.

In view of the quantity of false hair worn by the weaker sex, would it not be well to style their boudoirs *wig*-wams?

Hereditary Bondsmen—Holders of five-twenties—perhaps.

Isn't New-port a queer name for a watering place?

"Charlotte Temple, or The Folly of Elopement," is the title of a new play just copyrighted by G. Lippard Barclay, a Quaker City comedian. A card to this effect will be found in the Clipper's advertising columns.

Quick Passage.—The inman steamer, City of Boston, arrived at Queenstown on the 25th ult., having made the run from Halifax in 6 days and 22 hours.

EDUCATIONAL TRAINING.

It has been somewhat egotistically claimed by native writers that we, Americans, are the best educated nation on the face of the earth. Possibly these commentators designed to say that among no other civilized people are the opportunities for acquiring the elements of a general education more accessible to youth, and that information of a utilitarian character has been more extensively diffused. Yet, with all the advantages of our much vaunted common school system, and the immense number of academies and colleges scattered in every section of the land, it is humiliating to remark that, compared with the population of European states, we are woefully deficient in thoroughly educated men, that is, applying the term in its strictly scholastic sense.

Thanks to the fostering care of the State, it is rare to find a person, born on this soil, unable to read and write with a tolerable degree of accuracy. And, in addition to these elementary accomplishments, the great mass of our people can boast acquisition of a good amount of information as to the rudiments of scientific knowledge, and still, when we come to judge the masses by a critical standard we shall find that, beyond matters touching their daily avocations or business occupations, a vast number of even these, who have received an excellent primary education, viewed according to our existing idea of school discipline, exhibit an inexcusable ignorance in other departments of learning.

It is undeniable that we have among us quite a large number of well read and enthusiastic scholars, men who will compare favorably with trans-Atlantic students of a similar class; still it can be shown that these persons have not been, in any great measure, indebted for their literary proclivities either to our common school or collegiate system. On the contrary, nine out of ten have acquired valuable learning through arduous self culture after emerging from our academic institutions, and in many instances they have been compelled to discard, as useless encumbrance, a vast deal of information sedulously communicated to them during the earlier stages of instruction. In fact, under our present educational discipline, our people arrive at a certain point in the acquisition of useful knowledge, adequate for the vigorous prosecution of commercial or ordinary business occupations, and then, as a general rule, we seek little further advancement. Consequently we can conscientiously assert that we, Americans, have gained an extraordinary "smattering" on all branches of learning without attaining a reliable basis for mastery of any particular one.

Now, it is somewhat singular that, while in every other department of political ethics we have made decided and wonderfully useful innovations upon old established usages and rules of government, in the matter of educating youths we have adhered with conservative tenacity to a traditional system of instruction, which has remained unaltered within memory of man. We have written and published school books, constructed upon every principle of tuition suggested, through experience of pedagogues; we have established Normal schools nominally to perpetuate a race of capable preceptors; we have created edifices, replete with every hygenic and gymnastic appliances necessary for the physical development of attendant scholars; we have expended large sums to secure the health and convenience of youth, destined for intellectual instruction, and nevertheless it would seem that in nine cases out of ten we have failed to innoculate those attending our schools with that intense desire for the mastery of knowledge, which, had an inclination in that direction been at the outset implanted through gentle and philosophic means, would naturally augment with the student's increasing years.

We confess to having meditated long and seriously on this subject, for we know of no other of more vital consequence to the individual or to the state, and we have arrived at a settled conclusion that the main error in our present system of educational training lies at its very base. In other words, upon his first crossing the threshold of the school-house we stultify the intellect of youth and bestow upon his intelligence a shock from which it rarely recovers until re-matured in the dawn of manhood.

We do not allude to primary education, for that is a natural sequence of the nursery and the peculi

organization, the excursion of the crack club of the Buckeye State will pass into history as the grandest success of the age. That they should travel hundreds of miles away from home, playing day after day, and escape defeat, is an achievement of which they may be proud; but that they should encounter and defeat every first class club in the country, and that, too, with one or two exceptions, by one sided scores, stamps them as the most accomplished exponents of our national game that ever handled the bat and ball. And yet the Cincinnati Club has performed nothing that is not within the reach of any other club in the country that is willing to work for it. What one man can do, can be done by another under similarly favorable circumstances. And what these western athletes have accomplished, is within the reach of any of our crack eastern organizations. Plenty of practice, steady habits, temperance in all things, and, above all, a master mind to direct affairs, is all that is needed. To the clear head and untiring energy of Harry Wright the people of Cincinnati are indebted for the success of their favorite players. To Mr. A. B. Champion, the efficient President of the club, and Mr. John P. Joyce, the Secretary, who accompanied the "Red Stockings" on their extended trip, the success of the enterprise is also in a great measure due. The wise and liberal administration of these gentlemen, added to the generalship and forethought of Harry Wright, accomplished the wonders of which the press of the country has been so lavish in its praise.

Wherever they went, whether on or off the field, the gentlemanly manners and courteous bearing of the "Red Stockings" won for them hosts of friends. Of course, they were lionized in nearly every city which they visited. Allison, in particular, was the lion of the hour wherever he happened to be. In Philadelphia, his former residence, after the Athletic game, he was borne from the field on the shoulders of his admirers. Asa Brainard, who is an accomplished amateur billiard player, also won hosts of friends wherever he went. Here, in the metropolis, the Wright brothers, Fred. Waterman, Andy Leonard, Asa Brainard and Charley Sweasy, who are so well known by ball players and admirers of the game in general, were the favorites. Allison also made hosts of friends, and was looked upon as the greatest catcher ever seen in this section of country.

The "Red Stockings," on their return home, were to have played a picked nine on their own ground. They were to be entertained at a banquet in the evening, at which all the dignitaries of Porkopolis were to have been sent. In our next issue we shall be able to give the closing scenes of the famous tour, with an analysis of the play, from our special correspondent.

THE TOUR OF THE CINCINNATIS.

THEY WIN FRESH LAURELS.

Our readers will remember that the game commenced between the "Red Stockings" and the Olympic Club, of Washington, on the 26th ult., was brought to an end by rain, when only four innings had been played, and the score stood 4 to 0 in favor of the victorious team from the pork-packing city. This unfortunate circumstance caused much disappointment to the very large number of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled to witness the play, and when it was announced that these clubs would meet again on the 28th ult., which proved one of the loveliest days of the season, it was no wonder that the concourse in attendance numbered over eight thousand, and that the contest excited the liveliest interest. The result of the game on Saturday, as far as it went, gave all an idea of what might be expected on this occasion, and among the betting fraternity odds of 2 to 1 were freely offered, with no takers. The Washington boys won the toss, and at 3.30 they sent the Cincinnatians to the bat.

FIRST INNINGS.—G. Wright opened play, taking his first on called and his third on a passed ball; Gould made two bases on a hit to right field, low down, sending George home. Waterman's fun was stopped by "Davy" at short, he sending the ball to first. Allison met with no takers. The Washington boys won the toss, and at 3.30 they sent the Cincinnatians to the bat.

SECOND INNINGS.—Leonard made his first on a short fly to the right field, his third on a wild throw by Malone to Reach, and home on a muff by Leech of a ball thrown by Malone to run him out at the home base. Brainard and Sweasy fouled out to Malone, and Emmet disposed of McVey by Force's assistance at the base. A while to wish for the Olympics followed, the victims being Billings and Emmet at the first, and Woods, who retired on a fly by McVey. Score 3 to 1.

THIRD INNINGS.—George Wright did not get to first before the ball; Gould made his base, but Waterman hit a foul to Billings and Gould reached second; Billings held the foul, putting Waterman out, sent the ball to Leech, who passed it to first, and the Reds were out for nothing.

.....Robinson batted for his first, a passed ball giving him his second, coming home on a good bound hit by Leech over George Wright's head. Force made his first on a fly too short for "Mack." Reach hit to George Wright, who passed it to Sweasy, putting out Force, and doubling up Reach on the first. Malone was put out at first. Score, 3 to 2.

FOURTH INNINGS.—Waterman made his run, he having batted a bounder too high for the "little short." Allison tried the same, but Force threw him out on the first. H. Wright made his first. Leonard hit a foul which "Harry" thought was fair, and started for second, but Malone passed the ball to Leech, he to the first, and "Hal" was out. A wild throw by Force gave Brainard his first, Leonard having made his second on a "close cutter," but both were left, for Sweasy hit to third, and the Jerseyman was out.....One, two, three, out went the Olympics. Waterman making the catch by taking a hot one head high from Young's bat. He gobbled Billings on a fly, and helped Emmet out on the first with a big goose egg, playing it all alone. Score, 4 to 2.

FIFTH INNINGS.—The "Reds" scored four runs, batting very heavily. The outs were Waterman by Robinson, H. Wright by Woods, and Leonard by Force and Emmett.....Woods "flew" out to McVey, who took him in; Robinson fouled out to Allison, and Leech struck out. Score, 8 to 2.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Brainard took first on a muff by Billings, and Sweasy reached his first, and both coming in on a hit by McVey, who also came in on a long hit over centre fielder's head by George Wright, the last of the match, and a home run. A muff by Young gave Gould his second, another by Robinson gave Allison his first, Waterman having hit for his first. Reach again muffed a fly sent up by H. Wright, but Woods took the next one. Leonard's hit to Force put Allison out on the second, and then put Brainard out on a fly.....Force scored on a muff by Waterman, George Wright and Brainard both making the dropped ball. A fine catch by George Wright put out Reach. Malone secured his first, but scored on a wild throw by Sweasy to Allison. Young secured his first by a hit to first. Force and Young scored, but Billings went out on first, and Emmett went out on a fly by G. Wright. Score, 14 to 5.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Sweasy secured his first and scored; McVey struck two fouls, two balls and a third which "Fergy" dropped, and secured the first; G. Wright went to second on a muff bounder by Billings; Gould hit a fly to Reach, who threw it to Malone in time to cut off McVey on the home base; G. Wright made for third, but Malone sent the ball to Billings and George was stopped, the crowd cheering loudly and long.....Woods, Robinson and Leech went out in succession for nothing, making the fourth whitewash. Score, 15 to 5.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—Gould "flew" out by Reach; Waterman fouled out to Malone; Force let Allison take his first by "juggling," a wild pitch gave him his third, and a passed ball let him in; Force made a good stop of H. Wright's grounder, and again he failed to reach the base.....Leonard stopped Force with G. Wright's help; Brainard took a hot one from Reach and stopped him at first; Malone sent one to Harry Wright, who took it. Score, 20 to 5.

NINTH INNINGS.—As Leonard fouled out to Robinson, Brainard's ball caromed on Billings, and was pocketed by Emmet at first; Sweasy, on a good hit to centre field, made first; McVey hit to centre, and Woods captured it, leaving Sweasy on first.....Young sent a foul to first and Gould took it; Harry Wright caught Billings' fly and sent it home; Emmet made his first, but a fly from Woods was caught in the left field, and the Olympics went out for no runs once more. We append the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	OLYMPIC.	H.	L.
G. Wright, s s	2	3	Force, s s	3	1
Gould, 1st b	3	3	Reach, 2d b	3	1
Waterman, 3d b	4	2	Malone, c	3	1
Allison, c	3	1	Young, r f	3	1
H. Wright, c f	5	0	"Billings," 3d b	4	0
Leonard, l f	2	1	"Emmet," 1st b	3	0
Brainard, p	2	2	Woods, l f	2	1
Sweasy, 2d b	2	2	Robinson, l f	2	1
McVey, r f	3	2	Leech, p	2	0
Total	16		Total	5	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	2	1	0	1	4	6	1	1	0—16
Olympic	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0— 3

Flyouts—Waterman, 5; G. Wright, 2; H. Wright, 2; McVey, 3; Leonard, 1; Allison, 1; Brainard, 1—12. Wood, 3; Reach, 2; Force, 1; Robinson, 1; Malone, 1—8. Foul bound catches—Malone, 2; Billings, 2; Robinson, 1—5. Base on balls—Cincinnati—Put out by Gould, 9; Waterman, 2; McVey, 3; Sweasy, 1—total, 15 Olympia—Put out by Emmet, 12; Billings, 1; Malone, 1; Reach, 1—total, 15. Out on fouls—Cincinnati 5; Olympic 4. Home runs—Cincinnati 4; Olympic 2. Double plays—Cincinnati 2; Olympic 1. Triple plays—Olympic. 1. Home run—G. Wright, 1. Bases on called balls—Cincinnati, 1. Bases on hits—Cincinnati, 17; Olympic, 4. Called balls—Brainard, 9; Leech, 17. Passed balls—Allison, 1; Malone, 3. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes. Umpire—David Birdsall, National B. B. C. Scorers—Messrs. Hadley and Miller.

The concluding game of the tour was played on the 30th ultimo, their opponents being the Baltic Club, of Wheeling, West Virginia. At the end of the fourth innings the score stood 44 to nothing. The Cincinnatis went to the bat for the fifth innings and scored 8 runs, making the total score of 52. It now commenced raining hard, and game was called, the Baltics not being given an opportunity to be white-washed again. They were to return to Cincinnati on the 1st inst., and great preparations had been made to receive them.

A BUCKEYE GAME.

The Independent Club, of Mansfield, O., visited Cleveland on the 29th ult. and played against the Forest City Club, with the result given below:—

FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	R.	INDEPENDENT.	H.	L.	R.
A. R. Smith, 3d b	1	8	10	Hade, p	3	0	1
Riley, r f	3	5	6	Smith, c	4	0	1
Ward, c	5	4	8	Deitz, 3d b	2	3	1
Sheffield, l f	1	5	3	Manchester, s s	3	0	0
Allison, 1st b	2	2	5	Steonz, r f	3	2	3
Hanna, 2d b	5	4	10	Clapp, 1st b	2	3	3
Frast, p	4	3	9	Clugston, l f	3	0	0
Burt, c f	3	5	4	Littler, 2d b	3	1	1
E. Smith, s s	1	7	6	Burns, c f	2	1	0
Totals	27	44	65	Totals	27	7	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Forest City	8	7	4	0	3	3	9	4	6—44
Independent	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0— 7

Home runs—Forest City—Pratt, 1. Fly-catch—Riley, 3; Ward, 2; Sheffield, 3; Allison, 1; Hanna, 3; Frast, 2; Burt, 2; E. Smith, 2—17. Smith, 5; Deitz, 2. Manchester, 1; Clugston, 4—12. Double play—Hanna and Riley. Umpire—E. F. Voltz, of the Oars Club, of Philadelphia. Scorers—D. M. Graham and H. H. Colby. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

IRVINGTON vs. RESOLUTE.

These New Jersey organizations, the former of Irvington, and the latter of Elizabeth, played a game at the former place on the 30th ult., the result of which was as follows:—

IRVINGTON.	H.	L.	R.	RESOLUTE.	H.	L.	R.
M. Campbell, 1st b	4	2		Laing, s s	3	3	
Bailey, p	4	2		Smith, 1st b	6	0	
Farrow, c	4	2		Forsyth, 2d b	4	0	
Easton, r f	3	1		Ball, r f	3	1	
Boltz, 3d b	5	0		Beardsley, l f	4	1	
Greathead, s s	4	1		Amery, p	3	2	
Lines, l f	3	2		Kirk, c f	1	4	
Hedden, r f	3	2		Ritter, c	1	4	
Stockman, 2d b	1	1		Sipp, 2d b	2	2	
Total	31	15		Total	16		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Irvington	0	0	4	2	3	0	0	0	0—15
Resolute	1	3	0	1	0	2	0	5	0—16

Umpire—Ford, Ritter, of the Atlantic Club, of Elizabeth. Scorers—S. Symonds and J. D. E. Ritter.

ECKFORD vs. ROSE HILL.

On the 1st inst. the students of St. John's College, Fordham, who play under the name of the Rose Hill Club, visited the metropolis, to play the return game of their match with the Eckfords. In the first game, which came off on the college grounds a few weeks ago, the collegians played remarkably well, and the Eckfords only won the game by a score of 10 to 6. Whether it was the influence of the associations that brought about this result we do not know. Certain it is, that when the same nine faced the Eckfords at the Union Ground they performed so differently that it was difficult to realize that they were the same players. The Rose Hill boys opened the game with a slight lead, but through their wild throwing and loose playing in general they lost this advantage in the next innings and, from that time till the conclusion, fell behind at every turn at the bat. The miserable fielding was relieved occasionally by a brilliant catch and a pretty stop, but these good plays were overbalanced by the many bad ones. Christadoro made the handsomest catch in the game in the ninth innings. Villicivencio played behind the bat in plucky style, facing the irregular pitching of Burns like a young hero. Trempe led the batting score, with Madden a good second. Of the Eckfords, Tracy distinguished himself in the field, and at the bat. Allison also did well with the willow. Joe Sprague, who used to pitch for the Eckfords when they were champions, made his reappearance in the nine for the first time in a number of years. Joe pitched in the last four innings, and with considerable effect. The game was rendered long and tedious by the incompetency of the umpire, who allowed the pitchers to do just about as they liked. At the conclusion of the game, the Eckfords entertained the collegians at the club-house. The score:—

ROSE HILL.	H.	L.	R.	1st B.	T.	ECKFORD.	H.	L.	R.	1st B.	T.
Christadoro, c f	1	3	1	1		Allison, 1st b	1	6	4	4	
Villicivencio, c	3	2	0	0		Patterson, c f	3	3	4	6	
Burns, p	4	0	1	1		Marsh, r f	6	2	1	2	
Pendegrast, 1st b	4	1	2	2		Nelson, 3d b	4	4	2	3	
Madden, 2d b	3	2	4	4		Hodes, s s	2	4	6	10	
Gallagher, 3d b	3	2	2	2		Sprague, 2d b	4	3	5	5	
Trempe, s s	1	3	5	7		Tracy, l f	2	5	3	3	
T. Mason, l f	1	3	0	0		Pinkham, p	2	4	4	7	
Murphy, r f	4	0	1	1		Jewett, c	4	3	3	4	
Totals	27	14	14	18		Totals	27	34	29	40	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Total.
Rose Hill	2	3	0	0	2	1	0			3—14
Eckford	6	5	2	6	3	5	6			0—34

Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Fallon and Dr. Watson. Time of game—Three hours and five minutes. Left on bases—Pendegrast, 1; Madden, 1; Trempe, 1—total, 3. Hodes, 1.

EMPIRE vs. GOTHAM.

The first game of the season between these veteran clubs came off at Hoboken on the 1st inst. The game was pretty closely contested till the eighth innings, when the Empires batted for 17 runs, and, keeping their opponents down to three in the same time, won by a score of 38 to 26. The following is the score:—

GOTHAM.	H.	L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
Phelan, 3d b	3	2	4	Kelly, 1st b	0	5	0
Murray, r f	3	3	3	Mike, R., f	1	4	1
Vincent, p	4	3	3	Higham, 2d b	3	5	5
Beadle, 1st b	3	3	3	Josephs, l f	3	4	3
ChanFrau, s s	3	4	4	Murphy, 3d b	3	3	3
Reed, c	3	4	4	Price, c f	4	3	3
Marks, c	4	4	4	Howard, p	3	3	3
Connell, l f	2	2	2	Wilson, s s	3	3	3
Goodspeed, 2d b	3	2	1	Miller, c	4	3	3
Total	26			Total	38		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Total.
Gotham	6	3	0	4	3	7	0	1	2	0—26
Empire	5	4	0	5	0	0	0	7	17	—38

Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes. Scorers—Messrs. Whiteside and Kelly. Umpire—Mr. Delaney, of the Oriental Club.

SOCIAL vs. EAGLE.

The second nines of the above named clubs had a tilt at Hoboken, N. J., on the 30th ult., terminating as follows:—

SOCIAL.	H.	L.	R.	EAGLE.	H.	L.	R.
Fie da, 1st b	2	5		Gaughan, 1st b	3	4	
Foster, 2d b	5	3		Daly, p	5	2	
Deliz, c	3	5		Burke, c	4	3	
Smith, c f	7	2		Bruen, 3d b	2	5	
R. J. Byrnes, p	2	6		Neville, l f	2	4	
Weymouth, r f	1	5		Ackin, c f	4	2	
Flanagan, l f	4	4		Phillips, 2d b	3	3	
Keese, 3d b	2	5		McFinn, r f	3	3	
Fitzsimmons, s s	2	6					
Total	43			Total	25		

Umpire—Mr. Ryerson.

ACCIDENT TO A BALL PLAYER.—During the progress of the game between the Pastimes, of Baltimore, and the Olympics, of Washington, on the 29th ult., a very unfortunate accident occurred. The game had progressed to the sixth innings, when Hazelhurst, the catcher of the Pastime Club, had made a good hit, and, in making a home run, ran against one of the Olympic players with such force as to throw him to the ground and break his right leg near the knee. Dr. Thompson was quickly called, and promptly set the broken member. The game was immediately closed and every attention paid to the injured party.

THE GAME IN THE NEW DOMINION.—The Montreal Club nine, and a nine, principally American, selected from the theatrical company, played a match on the 26th of June, resulting in an easy victory for the Montrealers—score, 38 to 22. Atkinson, as pitcher, and Goldie, as catcher, for the Montreal, did good service, their batting also looking good, and both Cunningham and Vasbury rendering great help in both fielding and batting.

A LIVELY WEEK.—Fourth of July week promises to be lively in base ball matters. On the 5th the Atlantics and Athletics meet at the Capitoline Ground; on the 7th, the Mutuals visit Troy to play the "Haymakers," and on the 8th they play their return with the Atlantics. Saturday, July 3d, the Mutuals and Eckfords play their home and home game, at the Union ground.

ON "TOWER."—The Orientals visit Middletown, N. Y., on the glorious Fourth, when they will play the Lone Star Club. In the evening they will be entertained at a ball and supper. An invite to the dance is hereby acknowledged.

THE UNION CLUB is the title of a club lately formed, by a number of youths in this city, who desire to receive challenges from any club the members of which are under seventeen years of age. The secretary's address is Thos. McDonald, 385 Washington street.

THE UNION CLUB, OF MORRISANIA.—We understand that the Unions will commence match playing after the 4th inst. On that day the club will have a club game on their grounds at Tremont, which have been put in shape for match playing.

THE MOHAWK AND LOWELL CLUBS played the first of a series of games at Pottsville, Pa., on the 26th ult., the former winning; score, 47 to 17.

THE FIRST GAME of a series was played at Camden, N. J., on the 28th ult., between the Olympic Association and the Viola Assembly, the latter scoring 72 to 17.

THE SOCIAL AND UNION CLUBS play at Hudson City, N. J., on the 14th.

THE SECOND NINE of the Athletic Club defeated the second nine of the Eagles, at Cincinnati, on the 28th ult. Score, 38 to 16.

THE FRESHMEN NINES of Harvard and Brown Universities played a match at Providence, R. I., on the 1st inst., the latter proving victorious by a score of 37 to 15.

THE OCCIDENTAL, JR., of Quincy, beat the Orientals, of Palmyra, Ill., on the 26th ult., counting 39 to 15.

THE FLY AWAY CLUB vanquished the Waterwitches, at Yorkville, N. Y., on the 28th ult., scoring 27 to 11.

THE OLD POINT AND ACTIVE CLUBS, of Fort Monroe, Va., played against each other on the 26th ult., the former winning by a count of 18 to 5.

THE RING.

ALLEN vs. McCOOLE.

LATEST FROM ST. LOUIS—NO MATCH YET MADE.

COBURN OFFERS TO BACK McCOOLE.

As yet no fresh match has been effected between Tom Allen and Mike McCoole, a fact apparently due to the disinclination of the latter to again meet, upon equitable terms, the man who gave him such a drubbing in a few short minutes. The terms offered by Allen are such as cannot be reasonably objected to by McCoole, and if he fails to accept, the public will no longer be in doubts as to how to place him. The subjoined communication from our St. Louis correspondent, embraces all that has transpired:—

ST. LOUIS, June 28th, 1869.

DEAR CLIPPER.—After the storm we may expect a calm, and the great storm which has unfortunately been for the pastiew week, in regard to the McCoole and Allen fight, has somewhat subsided. That Tom Allen won the fight on his own merits, is a fact admitted now even by his greatest enemies, though had it not been for the unprincipled horde who had their "bottom dollar" staked upon the event, and under any and all circumstances were bound to win. That McKenny, the referee, was tampered with by McCoole's friends, is patent to every unprejudiced mind, but I do not think McCoole had either act or part in it, as far as he was individually concerned; and although he is not over anxious to meet Tom again, he would, I think, accept a proposition, and terms, were it not for the same parties want everything their own way; hence the matter remains *in statu quo* for the time being.

On Saturday night, 26th inst., Allen had a benefit at Mahler's Hall, corner of Third and Pine streets. The hall is one of the largest in this city, and was densely packed by a motley crowd of Tom's admirers. Tom officiated at the ticket office, and Jimmy Coyne received the prices at the door. The performance commenced with a really scientific display between Pat Hanley and Buah. Hanley is a quiet, reserved young fellow, strictly temperate, and genteel in appearance. McGuire and Williams did well set-to, then Madden and Lynch, and again Pat Hanley and Ed O'Brien. Joe Ryan and "Hebrew Dave" were next announced, and entertained the audience with some very clever sparring. The event of the evening, however, was the wrestling contest between Allen and Coyne. The set-to was purely scientific, devoid of hard hitting. At times, Tom gave him an opening purposely, but Coyne is smart, smarter than it had been supposed. The exhibition was not as well attended by the principal sporting men as had been expected, however. When the programme of the evening was nearly over, Charley Gallagher came in with a few friends. Among the notabilities I noticed Billy Carroll, sh.r. Thurston, Tom Kelly, Tom Kehoe, Jim Byrnes, Jim and Pete Brooks. McCoole did not put in an appearance—no doubt he had strong reasons for not doing so. To-morrow Allen and Jim Coyne start on a short tour through Ohio and Kentucky. Coyne intends to open a gymnasium and give lessons in the "manly art," and has engaged Baker's Hall for that purpose.

Yours, &c., OBSERVER.

Joe Coburn, for reasons best known to himself, has taken up the cudgel on behalf of his former antagonist, and publishes the following challenge in the *Inland Empire*, published in Hamilton, White Pine County, Nevada, of the 19th ult.:—

I thereby offer to back Mike McCoole against Tom Allen, in a fight in a twenty-four foot prize ring, according to the latest London rules, for any sum from $5,000 to $10,000, to be fought anywhere within the limits of the United States. If Tom Allen does not choose to accept my challenge on behalf of McCoole, I offer it to "any other man"—the understanding being that I am to be the trainer and first second of McCoole in the ring. If my challenge is accepted, I will make deposit with any responsible parties that may be named—the fight to take place within thirty days from the signing of the papers. JOSEPH COBURN.

In this connection we give publicity to the romantic but rather fishy item concerning Allen, which appears below, and which we clip from the *Cincinnati Commercial* of the 29th ult:—

Tom Allen has made his appearance in this city yesterday, having reached Vincennes on his way here from St. Louis. He did not come here however. He returned to St. Louis instead. It is probable that by the time the fight comes off Tom will have surrendered to a young woman, his early love, who ran away from home to share his honors. When Allen came to this country, two years since, she attempted to come out with him, but was prevented by her parents. Not long since, however, her family became over and settled in New York state. The young lady immediately commenced a correspondence with Allen, which was kept up until his recent fight with McCoole. That fight settled the business, not only with Mike, but with the English girl. She could no longer resist the pleadings of her old lover, now suddenly become famous the country over. So she left her parents and home between two days, met Tom at Vincennes, and proceeded with him to St. Louis, in search of a church and a minister of the gospel.

A SHORT SCRAP took place at Cumminsville, O., on the 25th of June, between Dick Gregory and Harry Gillen, the former posting $250 to Gillen's $120 in the hands of W. T. Roller. They fought seven rounds, when a claim of foul was made on behalf of Gregory and the referee declared it a draw. Dick was hailed upon by Eben Hunnewell and Otto Packer, while C. H. Fox and Jake Weeks did the same for Harry. William Strong was referee and Arthur Miller held the watch.

WE HAVE LETTERS for John McKeel, Tom Allen, Mike Trainer, and John Goulding.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Prospect Park Summer Race Meeting.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

The second day of the Prospect Park Spring Race Meeting was held on Wednesday, June 30th, and the weather was far from favorable for the enjoyment of the sport, and prevented hundreds of intending visitors from being present. The attendance was not large, nor was the racing, except in one instance, of an interesting character. As on the first day, the judges were Messrs. Morris, Sanford, Hunter, Denison and Belmont; all prominent turfmen, and members of the American Jockey Club; Mr. J. A. Morris was the starter, and Mr. Wheatley, the clerk of the course.

THE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES

of $50 each, half forfeit, with $500 added, the second horse receiving $100 out of the stakes, was the first race. The distance was one mile and a quarter, and the entries were nineteen in number. The field of starters dwindled down to three—Mr. Morris' b f Fanny Ludlow, 4 yrs, carrying 105lbs.; Mr. Eckerson's ch h Metairie, 5 yrs, 115lbs., and Col. McDaniel's ch f Lizzie Rogers, 104lbs., being the only ones that faced the starter. The awfully heavy state of the track kept away several others that would have run if the going had been good. In the betting, which fluctuated strangely, Fanny Ludlow at first was the favorite against the field, but before the start Metairie came into such strong favor that he sold for more than Fanny Ludlow and Lizzie Rogers combined, bringing $100 to the field's $80, Lizzie's chance being very lightly estimated. The start was from the three-quarter pole at the head of the home-stretch, and was a good one, Metairie leading Fanny Ludlow as they passed the score the first time, with Lizzie Rogers close up. Going around the upper turn, Fanny Ludlow passed Metairie and carried on the running, leading a couple of lengths at the quarter pole, with the same distance between Metairie and Lizzie Rogers. There was no change in these positions as they went along the backstretch and to the half mile pole, where Lizzie Rogers closed up with Metairie and lapped him to the three quarter pole, where she fell back beaten. When fairly into the straight stretch, Hennessy, on Metairie, made his effort to overtake Fanny Ludlow, and his backers confidently expected to see him take the lead from her. But their surprise and consternation were great when they saw Mr. Morris' filly stall off the challenge of the chestnut horse, and, although he reached her quarters, he could not advance an inch further, despite the liberal application of both whip-cord and steel, and Fanny Ludlow came cleverly by three-quarters of a length in 2:26¼, Metairie six lengths before Lizzie Rogers.

THE PROSPECT PARK CUP,

value $750, added to a sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, was the second race. The distance was two miles and a quarter, and only Vauxhall and General Yorke started, the absentees being Lancaster, Julius, Australia, General Duke, King Henry and the Uncle Vic Colt. Mr. Sanford fully intended starting Lancaster, against the great four year old, Vauxhall, in this race, but the heavy track frightened him, and fearful that the horse would break down—as he had previously done three years ago at New Orleans, on a similar heavy course, in his race with Harry of the West—he withdrew him, and the meeting of these two renowned cracks is postponed until they come together for the Saratoga Cup next August. With only General Yorke to oppose him, the betting was $100 to $25 on Vauxhall, taken freely, for Yorke had twice before done his backers a good turn when long odds were laid against him; last year, when he beat Fanny Cheatham for the Rhode Island Cup, and more recently when he beat Blanche and others for the three-mile purse at Jerome Park. General Yorke was first off, but Vauxhall quickly got on even terms with him, and both passed under the string the first time head and head together. They ran round the turn, passed the quarter pole, and along the far stretch side by side, the favorite being pulled almost double. At the half mile pole Vauxhall had a length in front, and his jockey, on coming round the lower turn into the homestretch, gave him his head, and he shot away from General Yorke as if the latter was standing, and he led past the stand ten lengths. The race was now virtually over, for Vauxhall galloped in front throughout the next mile as if he was exercising, and won by a dozen lengths in 4:38¾.

THE MILE AND A HALF DASH

for a purse of $300, had four entries and runners—Mr. Sanford's gr c Hotspur, 4 yrs, 103lbs.; Mr. Eckerson's ch h Metairie, 5 yrs, 114lbs.; Mr. Littlefield's ch m Hira, 5 yrs, 111lbs.; and Col. McDaniel's b f Albuera, 4 yrs, 100lbs. Hotspur and Albuera, being maidens, had an allowance of 5lbs. in weight, and Hira, who had won a race at Paterson from a large field, was at first made the favorite, and in one pool sold for $525, to Hotspur's $500, and Metairie, coupled with Albuera, $70. Before the start Hotspur became a great favorite, and brought $170 to the field's $150; Metairie, in consequence of his defeat by Fanny Ludlow in the handicap, being thought out of the race, and his stable not having him for a dollar. Hotspur's favoritism was owing to his being a full brother to the famous Asteroid, and to his owner, Mr. Sanford, backing him for some money. The horses were started at the half mile pole, Metairie taking the lead, with Hotspur second and Hira last. The latter went to the front on the turn for the stretch, but coming up the home-stretch, Metairie again took the lead, and as they crossed under the string was a length before Hotspur, who was half a length before Hira, and Albuera last. At the quarter pole there was no change in their positions, except that Albuera had fallen back beaten. On the backstretch Hira began to quit, and Metairie, full of running, was still leading, Hotspur evidently in hand. Hotspur could not live the pace on the lower stretch, and gradually fell behind, and neither whip nor spur could cause him to improve his position. Metairie had now the race in hand, and amid the tumultuous cheering of the fielders, especially of those who had got him at the rate of $70 in a $1,000 pool. He galloped home an easy winner by four lengths, Hotspur beating Hira ten lengths. Time, 2:57½.

THE MILE AND THREE QUARTER DASH,

for a purse of $400, with a 5 lbs. penalty for winners this season, had only two entries—Pompey Payne and Julius. The betting was $100 to $10 on Pompey, who made the running into the turning pull, soon opened a gap of five lengths, which he held throughout, winning in a common canter in 3:33¾.

THE TWO MILES AND A QUARTER DASH,

for a purse of $400, was contended for by Sleety and Sarah B, the former being the favorite at $100 to $25. Sleety led throughout the first mile and a quarter, passing the stand four lengths ahead. On the backstretch Glipatrick on Sleety made her effort for the lead, and got on even terms at the half mile pole. Sleety, however, shook her off, and although Sarah B made a vigorous effort to capture on the homestretch, Sleety won the race by a length. Time, 4:37¾.

The Laclede Jockey Club, St. Louis, Races.

FIRST DAY.

The spring meeting of the Laclede Jockey Club commenced on the 11th ult., and continued over the ensuing four days. On the opening day the weather was favorable, but the track, in consequence of the recent rains of the previous week, was very heavy. The first race, a sweepstakes for two-year-old colts and fillies, foaled and owned in Missouri and Illinois, $15 entrance, p. p., with $200 added, dash of half a mile, was won by Mr. O'Fallon's ch f by Voucher, dam by Yorkshire, beating Kitty Taggart (second), and five others. Time, 54⅛sec.

The second race was a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, $50 entrance, p. p., with $500 added, mile heats. It was won in two straight heats by W. H. Renfrew's b c by Lexington, dam Mammona, beating Robert E. Lee, and ch f by Jack Malone. Time, 1:58½; 1:54½.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 14.

There were two races on the card, a three mile dash for a purse of $500, and a mile heat race for a purse of $400. Five started for the first, which was won by Richards and Kilgour's b f Carrie Atherton, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Gilycera, who also ran second with their b f Kitty Fre, Tom Porter, Jim Walker and Planter being behind them. Time, 5:51.

The same powerful stable also carried off the purse for mile heats with their ch f Sue Dougherty, by Mickey Free out of Blonde, the dam of Harry Booth; she won in two heats, beating Jubilee, Starlight (late Agnes Donovan), and Sallie T. Time, 1:51¼; 1:52¾.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 15TH.

The good fortune which had attended the stable of Richards & Kilgour so far at this meeting, was continued, for with their b e, 3 yrs, by imp. Fazoletto out of the dam of Hetty Ward, they won the mile heat purse of $200, beating Lew Wallace, Vidoeq, Jack and the Rogers filly Lizzie Tomlinson. The $300 purse for two year olds, dash of half a mile, was won by W. Brady's Lexington filly, Lizzie Grigg, Mr. O'Fallon's two Voucher fillies and Flying Scud, in 53¾ seconds.

FOURTH DAY, JUNE 17TH.

There were two races on this day, of which W. Hathaway's filly Lizzie Tomlinson won the first, a mile heat race, for a purse of $300, in three straight heats, beating Tom Porter and Jim Walker. Time, 1:50; 1:49½; 1:49¾. The second was also mile heats, for a purse of $100, Mr. Woodward's b h Lew Wallace winning it from Red Cap, Sallie T., Red Wing and Jubilee. Time, 1:50¾; 1:50½.

FIFTH DAY, JUNE 19TH.

The Consolation Purse, $200, to the winner, $100 to the second, and $50 to the third horse, mile heats, was won by Richards & Kilgour's b f Kitty Free, beating Starlight in 1:46; 1:48; and the same stable carried off the $400 purse for two mile heats, with b f Carrie Atherton, beating Tom Porter in 3:46; 3:48½. The meeting was not successful in a pecuniary point, but undiscouraged by the unfavorable result, the newly organized Club purpose at their next meeting opening a still more attractive programme, with more and larger purses to be run for. The old Laclede Association paid $50,000 for their grounds, and recently sold them for $210,000 for building lots.

THE TWO MILE DASH

had three runners, Vauxhall, General Duke and Julius. There was consequently a rush to back Vauxhall for this race, and one pool quotation will show the high favor in which he stood. Vauxhall brought $50; General Duke, $220, and Julius, $65. The backers of the favorite looked fearfully blue when they saw him, while taking his preliminary gallop, overpower and run away with his jockey at the height of his speed, and twice making the crescent of the track before he could be stopped. They feared that his running away over such a distance would have taken too much out of the horse to give him any chance of success against a fresh, good horse like General Duke. Granville, the boy who had ridden him, was also so much exhausted by his efforts to hold him in that another jockey, Charley Miller, was sought for to take his place, but, Charley not being connectable,

THE ANGEL OF THE DEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY L. M. THORNTON.

'Twas a sweet autumnal morning, the bright sun the east adorning,
While the notes of feathered minstrels high ascended in the air;
As I watched the waves approaching, on the rocky bank encroaching,
With a murmur like reproaching at their harsh reception there,
At the force of the resistance they were doomed to witness there.

With a spirit crushed by sadness, which e'en childhood's laugh of gladness
Failed to ease me, to release me from the fetters of my woe;
By these waters I had wandered, on my sad condition pondered,
As still more and more I wondered why stern fate should use me so,
When to others of my kindred countless favors she could show.

Then I glanced around despairing, for my life but little caring,
For the day had burst upon me with fresh misery in store.
The world to smile unheeding, while assistance I was needing;
The epicure be feeding though I starved beside his door;
Helpless, weary, faint and prostrate, while I groaned beside his door.

All at once the waves divided, when from out the waters glided
A form which not seraph could in excellence outvie;
"From whatever realm appearing, to whatever haven steering,
Would'st thou mock at the despairing—art thou come to see me die,
Exulting over anguish, ere the tortured spirit fly?"

Then the sea beneath her closing, all her lovely form disclosing,
On the beach she stepped beside me, with a countenance of joy:
"I have marked thy day of sorrow, how thou dread'st to face the morrow;
Not a ray from Hope to borrow, while thy life thou would'st destroy,
In one rash, unguarded moment the bright lamp of life destroy.

"Could'st thou peer beneath the ocean, in its wild and rough commotion,
Could'st thou mark what never human eye is destined to behold,
Thou would'st quit this brink forever, nor life's silver cord e'er sever,
Rush to sad destruction never because men might deem thee bold,
Seek horrors which no pen can write, no human tongue unfold."

Then her snow white hands upraising, while upon me sweetly gazing,
All reproof in solace ending as she quickly from me stole,
And the words "Hope on for ever, there is Mercy to deliver,"
All my bonds at once did sever, gave me liberty of soul,
And the birds sang forth in sweetness, and the waves did gently roll.

A CALIFORNIAN'S REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE LATE N. G. SHEPHERD.

It was in the month of June of the year 1849, when the gold fever was still at its height, that I left San Francisco bound on a journey to the southern ranches for the purpose of buying cattle. You see I had been to the mines, and had tried them, but without that success which my somewhat sanguine temperament had led me to hope for; and while digging and toiling in the sun and wet—the latter caused by the washings necessary to the discovery of the metal—it occurred to me that money was to be made with less labor, and to a greater certainty in trade. San Francisco was, of course, the chief seat of business, so back to San Francisco I went; and it was there I conceived the idea, suggested to me by the rapid influx of miners, emigrants, and others, that a judicious investment in cattle, to be had from the southern ranches, would bring its own reward. For, as I argued to myself, and correctly, too, these people must be fed, and animal food is necessary to men of their condition; for the Californians of that period were, on the average, both rude and rugged, although many men, gentlemen by birth and culture, flocked thither, lured by the golden promises that the garden of the far west held out to them. But, however, they must all eat to live—and having a little capital at my back, some of it remaining to me out of that I had brought with me, and the rest obtained at the mines, I resolved to carry out my ideas, and, as I have said, started at once on my errand.

To say that I gave no thought to the perils of the journey would not be doing justice to my own shrewdness. They certainly did occur to me; but stories of recent robberies and murders, known to many in San Francisco, had not reached me at the mines; and although I felt sure of plenty of company that far, my road lying in their direction, I could not calculate much beyond. It was a lovely morning, that on which I set out. The sky was clear and bright overhead, the atmosphere around deliciously pure and balmy, and the distance vivid with rich color. As I had expected, the road to the ... beset with travelers bound thither, many ... similarly to myself, although not ... all free, social and hopeful ... my journey was a ...

... enlarge upon, ... do is great. Suffice it to ... respect what I required, hardly, ... rageous, and, though not particularly swift of foot, still sufficiently so for all ordinary purposes. In addition, I had provided myself with a pair of blankets, some light provisions, a revolver, a bowie knife and a less harmful drinking cup. My road, for at least four or five days of my journey, lay through a country perfectly enchanting in its loveliness, but I have not time to descant upon the picturesque beauties of the shifting panorama; the groves of tall oak trees, the fields of wild oats, the broad, rich plains and slopes covered with emerald verdure, or the rugged outlines of the hills. Suffice it to say that on the evening of the fifth day, after traveling, not hurriedly, for I had regard for my beast, I reached Soledad, a desolate enough place, I assure you, and one that I have no desire whatsoever to revisit.

A wretched and beggarly place was the only tavern, where I stopped. Having relinquished my horse to the landlord—an American, by the way, but a poor, broken down looking specimen of humanity—who confided it to the care of a hostler, a somewhat picturesque Spaniard, I entered the common room, where was the hostess, a tall, raw-boned, masculine creature, with sharp features, and evidently the better man of the two when compared with her husband. We were soon joined by "mine host," who took a chair not far from where I had seated myself, and at once gave himself up to the deepest melancholy. I had been perhaps an hour at the tavern, and had already partaken of supper, when three men entered, who, as they are intimately connected with my narrative, I must pause a while to describe.

The first who made his appearance, and who seemed from his manner and tone of command to be the leader of the party—a suspicion that was afterward confirmed by their addressing him as captain—was a lithe, wiry built man, about five feet nine inches in height, and somewhat older than either of the others. To look upon his face once was ever afterward to remember it; a more cruel, cunning, repellant countenance I have never beheld. In his dress there was a degree of neatness not noticeable in his companions, an air of vulgar foppishness even that could not fail to attract attention in that region. He wore rings upon his fingers, large brass buttons upon his coat, a close-fitting sporting jacket of a brown color, corduroy trowsers, and shoes of a fashionable make, though stout and serviceable. His address was free and unconstrained, and impressed one with an idea that he had seen much of the world. In their conduct toward him the other two were remarkably deferential. One of these was a short, stoutly built fellow, with a swarthy complexion, heavy, brown beard and moustache, shaggy eyebrows, thick neck, and deep set, sullen looking eyes. His hair was dark and matted, and his general appearance and dress dirty, slovenly and neglected. He wore a pair of coarse, tall boots reaching to the knees, and round his waist a leathern belt in which were revolver and hunting knife. That the man was an unmitigated villain, and brutal and bloodthirsty, there could not be a doubt; yet there was little of that cool cunning and craftiness, judging from his features, that belonged so essentially to the leader of the gang. The last to enter was the least objectionable of the three, taller and more athletic than either of the others, with blonde hair and moustache, and, though ragged, without the vagabond air of his companion, the one I have just described.

The landlord looked up as they entered, and, rising, relinquished his chair to the captain, muttering some sort of salutation in a servile, obsequious tone and manner, which convinced me, together with the expression of his eye as he glanced upward, that he knew both their character and business, and was likewise familiar with the persons of the new comers.

The leader availed himself of the chair proffered him by the landlord, while his followers seated themselves upon a long wooden bench, ranged against the wall. That these men were robbers and assassins I felt convinced. It may have been that their appearance called to mind the stories I had heard of the prevalence of such characters round about that section of country, but, then, their looks were quite enough to convict them. Right glad was I that I had not encountered them upon the highway; but what protection did this miserable tavern afford, or the squalid town that I was in? If they chose to murder me for what gold they knew about me they might do it there that very night, and I reckoned the landlord would not interfere in my behalf. On sitting down, I noticed the captain eyed me somewhat closely at the same time that he bade me, in somewhat oily tones, good evening. My really comfortable appearance—for I was well and appropriately clad—doubtless led this man to suspect the real nature of my errand, as will hereafter appear.

But it is hardly worth while for me to repeat what little conversation took place in that room. The daylight was already dead, when, weary with my long ride—I had traveled upwards of fifty miles on that day—I retired to the small room allotted me to seek that repose which would enable me to pursue my journey on the morrow. The apartment was scantily and rudely furnished, which did not surprise me; but, aside from this, the bed and bedding were so horribly filthy, so infested with vermin, that, in spite of my own blankets which I spread beneath me, I was still wide awake when, an hour afterward, the three men from below made their way up stairs and entered the room next to mine. It must have been a much larger apartment than the one I was in, as I could tell from the sounds they made in moving about, and was separated from it by a thin board partition, so that I heard almost every word that was spoken.

"What do you think of him, Lef?" asked one whose voice I took to be that of the short, thick-set man.

"I think he has money with him," answered the one spoken to. "How is it with you, captain?"

"Will you shut up your gruff voices?" replied the leader, "and speak lower. He's a drover. I'd have told you as much below but for that prying she wolf, old Hylam's wife, who is forever dodging in and out, listening to all that's going on. Keep mum, now, and be ready to follow his trail in the morning when he goes from here."

In obedience to this command, silence fell upon the other two, and soon I heard the regular breathing of all three, indicating that sleep reigned over the minds and hearts of those that so lately plotted villainy.

"Scoundrels!" I muttered, "I will outwit you yet;" and with the thought that I had paid my bill before retiring, I determined to rise at the first glimmer of day, thus gaining the start of them, at all events, should they conclude to follow me.

I had not long left me for sleep, for the sun rises early at that time of year in that latitude, and with the first grey dawning I quietly arose, dressed myself with great caution, and stole noiselessly out of the house. I found the hostler deep in sleep on a blanket in the stable, and without waking him fed and saddled my beast, and set off on a canter in the direction wherein lay my way as indicated by my host the evening before. After traveling a mile or so, a strange but gradually perceptible change came over the face of the country, and it was easy to perceive, although the sun was as yet but just risen, that in less than a couple of hours the heat would be intense. I had coffee with me and hard biscuit, and having set out with an empty stomach, I foresaw how necessary it would soon be for me to tarry awhile for the purpose of cooking some of the former. With a view to this I kept a sharp lookout in quest of some wandering rivulet, but everything was hard and dry as if baked by the heat of an oven, with no signs of vegetation save an occasional growth of heavy, wiry grass, and shrivelled, sickly looking weeds, and where once flowed water was now nothing but the parched and sandy river bed. Owing to this I traveled on for miles vainly looking for a shady spot, some leafy retreat where I might rest my horse, and partake, if possible, of some refreshment for which I felt an intense longing. Already noon was approaching, and I had begun to feel faint and weak. An intense thirst was taking hold of me. I no longer thought or cared if the foes I had left behind followed me. My horse also betrayed symptoms of fatigue owing to his limited rest and the number of miles traveled the day before. At last I detected, at some distance to the left of me, a small grove of oaks close to the margin of a creek. Thank heaven! owing to the shade of the trees there was some water left. Hastily collecting a portion of it, I allowed my horse to take his fill; then attaching the bridle to the limb of a tree I stretched myself in its shadow.

It must have been two o'clock when I again started. By this time all uneasiness as to pursuit from the desperadoes I had encountered at Soledad had left me, and it was only at the approach of night, on surmising that I had yet some miles to travel ere I should reach the next shelter, that the thought of them returned to me, again revived by my mustang suddenly pricking up his ears and seeming to listen as he trotted briskly along. Confiding in his instincts, I drew bridle and listened also. I could distinctly hear the clatter of hoofs about half a mile back on the road. That these were my pursuers approaching there could be little doubt. Urging my horse to a canter I dashed rapidly forward, and would no doubt have distanced my foes had it not been that my horse, in my eagerness to guide him, instead of leaving him to himself, stepped upon a sharp stone, stumbled and went lame. Hearing my pursuers coming rapidly forward, I glanced hastily round me and saw, at the distance of a hundred yards or so, what appeared, in the uncertain light of a new moon, a small house, in which I resolved at once to take shelter. Knowing what folly it would be to take my horse there, I started him, not without regret lest I should never see him again, in the direction of a small grove, but a short distance beyond.

The cut-throats must have surmised that I had entered the house, for they came directly towards it; but were obliged to dismount and lead their animals in an opposite direction, owing to some indisposition on the part of the brutes to approach the building. Having tied them to the nearest tree the three came forward afoot.

"What in h—ll!" said one—it was the captain who spoke—"did he ever come here for?"

"We've got him cornered, anyhow," was the reply.

I had made the door as secure as I could by means of a wooden bar, which I discovered in one corner, bracing the bar against it, as the iron fastening to one side had been broken.

The men approached stealthily. There was a small window to one side just large enough to admit the body of a man. In range of this I took up my position ready to shoot the first who should attempt to enter that way.

"Come out of that!" said the voice of the captain, now no longer smooth and oily, but sounding harsh and imperative; "come out, I say; it's all up with you if you don't. Just hand over what money you've got about you, and we'll let you off."

I made no reply, but kept quiet, hardly breathing lest they should discover the precise spot where I stood.

"Out of that!" roared one of the others of the party, the short, thick-set one, I thought.

Making no answer, but listening intently, I heard the three whispering together. Soon the faint light from the window at the side of the door was darkened a little. I watched intently, till at last there could be no mistake; one of the ruffians was trying to effect an entrance through the aperture. I could distinguish the outline of his head and shoulders just rising above the sill. I raised my revolver, took deliberate aim and fired. A fierce cry of pain rang from the lips of the intruder, a muttered oath, and the fall of a heavy body apprised me that my shot had taken effect. I heard the two drag their companion out of range of the door, then a determined effort was made to force it, and I feared for the decayed wood of which it was composed. Failing in this, several shots were fired through it by the desperadoes, who, at this critical juncture, were called away by the wounded man, who, I judged by the sound of his voice, must lay at some little distance from the house.

"Now is my chance," thought I. Not caring ... bar from the door, lest they should ... make a rush for it. I ... the wall, to a ... hole ...

... in one ... when I awoke, ... through the window, his first ... was stiff and chill. What was it, this new ... or that possessed me?

I looked around. "Gracious God!" I exclaimed, starting back. What was it that I saw? Even now the recollection of it makes my flesh creep—my blood run chill. It was the corpse of a murdered man—a man whom I knew, whom I had seen often, since my arrival in California, upon the streets of San Francisco. "But for me, over-ruling Providence I might be lying stiff and stark beside him," I thought. It was some moments before I recovered anything like control of myself. "And this is the work of these scoundrels," I mused; "no wonder that their steeds were loath to approach, and that they found fault with the refuge that I sought. The man, stalwart and powerful in life, had been killed by a blow on the head, which had laid his skull completely open. He, too, perhaps, had been forced into the cut as a place of greater safety.

Once more in the open air, I sought the grove in quest of my mustang. There I found him quietly grazing, and again mounting him—a thing I had hardly expected to do so soon—I continued my journey.

What little is left is easily told. I obtained what cattle I had come prepared to purchase, and, in company with other drovers, returned to San Francisco, where our beeves commanded a ready sale at a very considerable advance on the original cost. That venture, though it nearly cost me my life, proved the ground-work of much subsequent good fortune.

"LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE LOW COMEDIAN."

"IT'S ME."

An old maid of reputed wealth married her coachman, who knew more about horses than he did of grammar, and she was in the habit of correcting his grammatical mistakes. One night he came home rather late, bringing with him an over amount of "jig juice," as Dan Bryant calls it, and, arriving at his mistress' door, he made quite a racket in his demands for entrance.

The ex-maid opened an upper window and asked:—"Whose there?"

"It's *me*," said the inebriated champion of "trotting stock."

"It's *I*, my darling," corrected his "partner of joy."

"It's *you*, is it? Well, things have come to a h—l of a pass, when I don't know myself," retorted "Coachy;" and shortly afterwards he received a lesson in the "parts of speech."

NOT PINE.

In the village of Honesdale, Wayne County, Pa., there lives, or did live a short time since, an old lumberman, whom I shall call "Judge Peat." At one time he built a raft of hemlock logs, and started from Honesdale on the Lackawaxan river, and so on into the Delaware.

Arriving at Trenton, N. J., he caused to be known that he had lumber for sale. Now, at that time, in Trenton, there were but few who knew the difference between *hemlock* and *pine*, as they are somewhat alike. Several men, wishing to purchase, came down to the raft, and, after looking at the lumber, asked:—

"How do you sell your pine?"

"It is *not* pine," answered the "Judge."

"Oh, it's *knot pine*, is it? Well, how do you sell your *knot pine*?"

Here an offer was made, and each of the other purchasers outbid the first, and at last the whole lot was bought at a price greatly in advance of what hemlock would bring anywhere. The "Judge" went on his way rejoicing.

Not long after a man from "Jarsey" visited the village, inquiring for the man that sold the *knot pine*. He couldn't "work his point," however, as the "Judge" proved that he had honestly told them it was *not* pine.

LONG WINTER.

An old Dutchman, by the name of Dolph, used to keep the "Traveler's Home," at Daleville, Pa. He had a great dislike for our climate, and at all times was surly and cross. One day a gentleman entered the hotel, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Dolph."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Dutchman, "dare ish no goot morning in dish tam country, vare dare ish nine months of vinter, und three months mit tam gold vether."

COULDN'T DRAW.

When Mr. McKee Rankin was engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he produced at his benefit, among other pieces, the farce of "Perfection."

The night was very rainy, and the house presented a gloomy appearance. During the farce, Mrs. Chas. Henri, as Kate O'Brien, was enumerating her accomplishments.

"Can you sing, and do you draw?" asked Mr. Rankin.

"Well, I can't *draw* to-night," said Mrs. Henri, looking at the "slim audience."

GREASING A WAGON.

Mike Brennan was a regular "Handy Andy." Mike came over from the old country, and immediately secured a "posish" as hotel porter in a country hotel. One morning Mr. Evans, the proprietor, requested Mike to grease the wagon, at the same time giving him a can full of the "slippery substance." Mike was gone about half an hour, when he returned. He found Mr. Evans in the bar-room, and said:—

"All the grace is gone, bad luck to it, Mr. Evans."

"Why, Mike, I gave you enough to grease five or six wagons."

"If you plase, sir, I only got about half over the *top of the wagon* when the grace run out."

"Why, you blundering fool, I meant that you should grease the *wheels*, not the *wagon*."

"Sure you towld me to grace the wagon, sur."

Mike had him there, Judge, by Cain!

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Among the crowd an old man walked
Slowly and sadly to and fro;
His cheeks were wrinkled, his visage bronzed,
And his hair as white as the driven snow.

Up and down through the busy marts,
Slow and solemn his measured tread;
Wrapped in an old and faded coat,
And a tall, white hat on his ancient head.

Not to the right, nor yet to the left,
Looketh this man, looks he;
But up and down like a ghost he goes
As silent as he can be.

No mortal man ever knew from whence
This Mysterious Stranger came;
Nor knows or has the least idea
Of what might be his name.

But every day, at a certain hour,
He on the street appears,
In storm and sunshine just the same,
And he has for several years.

"Who art thou, awful stranger?" thus
I said to him one day;
"Why do you ceaselessly walk the streets
In this most mysterious way?

"Answer my question, now, old man,
The question I put to you,
Are you"—and I stammered with deadly fear—
"Are you the Wandering Jew?

"For I've read in musty old volumes,
And in long forgotten books,
Of that celebrated pedestrian
Who resembles you in looks.

"And the prophets who lived in those good old days
They figured it down all fine,
And wrote that you would appear this way
About eighteen sixty-nine.

"Who are you, now? speak up, old man!
Open your mouth and talk,
And tell me the truth and the reason
Why you thus forever walk!"

The old man now trembled in every limb,
And down on a door-step sat;
Not a word came out from his thin white lips
But he pointed up to his hat.

And I saw thereon in letters of gold—
Even now my soul it thrills—
These startling words—I can never forget—
"BUY GROWLAWAY'S BILIOUS PILLS!"

J. H. B.

TWO MEETINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CADMUS.

CHAPTER I.

The Missouri river packet Coosa, a staunch, strong tug, short and deep, and built more for power and storage than speed or beauty, was panting and gurgling and snorting its slow course up the perverse current of the "Big Muddy," and at the time we visited her had approached within a short distance of Omaha. Any one who has chanced to have taken the western fever, which raged so extensively for a year or so after the closing of the war, can easily picture the scene within the cabin of this boat. There was, to begin with, but one female passenger, and she was a young married woman, on the way to join her husband, who was a store-keeper in the rising city of Omaha. To be sure there were other women on the boat; for several families of emigrants had taken the open deck passage; but in the cabin not another female face was visible, save that of the black chambermaid.

With the sterner sex, on the other hand, the boat was so overcrowded that the state-rooms would not contain them all, and beds were spread each evening on the cabin floor, which, by the by, is quite a common expedient on the western rivers.

The particular time to which the reader's attention is invited was about ten o'clock in the evening. Numbers of the passengers were already stretched out asleep upon their beds in the afterpart of the cabin, but the front of the long room or gallery was a scene of some little excitement, though not much noise. Several card tables were in full blast, at every one of which a game for money—generally "Poker"—was being played. A few men were standing about the stove, smoking and watching the games, and about the bar of the boat were grouped several more rather noisy fellows, who kept the bar-keeper tolerably busy in supplying them with their favorite "whiskey straight."

The men were of a mixed class; most of them had the careless swagger of the irresponsible fortune hunter, but there were really few bad faces among them, though their appearance and manner was somewhat rough. There were some young men evidently taking ... untried step in life. And there were ... thoroughly the old stager. ... al gamblers ... to ...

... "blind;" that is, ... amount, thereby ... that sum to come into the ... generally small, and neither of the ... have gained or lost much, but the play ... med merely to kill time.

... the cabin clock slowly struck ten, and then the younger man announced that he must quit and retire. The two others exchanged quick glances at this, unnoticed by him who had spoken. Then they proposed to have one or two winding up games, and the young man consented rather reluctantly. The latter had the deal, and in the betting which followed he won a tolerably large sum, considerably to his own elation.

In the succeeding hand, of course, one of the others dealt, and his companion put up the "blind" of twenty-five cents. This left the young man the next in order, and consequently the first to decide whether he would put down fifty cents to cover the "blind." He looked at the hand dealt to him, then, in spite of his efforts to conceal his feelings, an eager tremor came over him. However, with all the *sang froid* he could muster, he counted out ten dollars and a half, saying, "I 'raise' the blind ten dollars!"

Both the other men exchanged sharp glances at this, unnoticed by him. The dealer threw down his cards, exclaiming:—

"Well, I'll leave you two to fight it out, for I've got no hand to interfere with."

Another manœuvre, executed at this same instant, also escaped the inexperienced eye of their intended victim. And that was, the man with the "blind" turned his cards and his hand could be seen by the dealer. This was done quickly and carelessly, in a way not to be easily detected.

This done, the man who had gone the "blind" looked carefully at his cards, and seemed to hesitate what to do. Finally he drew a large wallet out of his coat pocket and began to count out bills. The dealer in the meantime leaned over, and looked with an appearance of concern into the young man's hand. At the instant he saw it, without raising his eyes, he made a slight motion with his left hand towards the other party.

The latter slowly counted out his money until one hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five cents, nearly all in small bills, lay heaped upon the table.

"I see your 'raise,' and go one hundred dollars better!" The words came out coolly, and there was nothing in the tone to furnish a clue to the owner's feelings. The younger person looked at his cards half in dismay. Then he glanced across at his opponent. The latter was smiling at him, half contemptuously.

He flushed a little, compressed his lips, and again looked at his hand. He had three kings and a pair of aces. In his hand lay nothing but one of a kind that could beat, and it was very improbable that his opponent had "fours." There were too much more likely things: either his opponent had also a "full" hand, smaller than his own, such as queens, with something else, or else (and of this he felt almost certain) he had no hand at all, and was trying to frighten or "bluff" him with such a heavy raise.

There was something galling to the pride of the player in this last thought, and a natural, belligerent feeling rather impelled him to make the bet. Still he hesitated a long time before he made up his mind. At length he dashed down his cards with their faces up, as he exclaimed:—

"I shall go a hundred on that hand, just to see whether you are not 'bluffing!'"

He looked, as he spoke, half angrily into the face of his opponent. But there was not the least trace there of either joy or anxiety. It was the impassive countenance of an experienced gambler. Then the young man reached into a side pocket and drew forth a roll of money.

But at this moment there was an unlooked for interruption that effectually ended the game and prevented the consummation of the bet. The young man, who had been standing among the lookers-on about the stove, and who had been quietly watching the game unnoticed by the players, stepped up to the table at this juncture and cried:—

"Put up your money, sir!"

Of course, the abrupt exclamation attracted instantaneous notice on all sides, and play was suspended at the other tables for the moment. The three players looked up at the speaker in astonishment, and he who had made the bet exclaimed angrily:—

"What the h—ll do you mean, Tom Johnson, by interfering in this game?"

"I mean this," was the reply, in firm tones, as the speaker faced the other. "I am not going to see this young man ruined by a couple of rascals, Jack Bradford."

"We'll settle about the pet names after a while," said Bradford, with a savage sneer upon his face. "But this man here's not a baby, and I reckon you ain't his guardeen?"

"I'm much obliged to you," spoke up the younger player, "but if it is all the same, I am able to take care of myself."

"In course you are," growled Bradford. "You stand back, Mr. Johnson, and let the game go on."

"It shall not!" Young man, these two fellows are confederates. I saw this one look into your hand, and then signal it. You have a 'king-full;' I know it, and so does Jack Bradford."

"You lie!" hissed the latter.

Quick as a flash Johnson struck the speaker in the face with the back of his hand.

The latter sprang to his feet, drew a long knife from his girdle, and made a pass at Johnson, which the latter turned off with his arm, receiving a slight cut, and the sleeve of his coat being ripped up. The men then sprang together, and the knife was at second time upraised. But the young player caught Bradford's wrist, and succeeded in wresting the weapon from him. The combatants were then pulled apart without further damage. Johnson retired to his state-room, and was seen no more that evening.

The next morning the Coosa arrived at Omaha, and Mr. Johnson was one of those who disembarked. As he passed down the gangway, Bradford was above him, leaning over the cabin-guards, and he hissed at him:—

"You beat me, Tom Johnson, last night, didn't you? If ever we come across each other ag'in, I've got that all put down, and I'll make you remember it!"

Johnson went on, without replying.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Thomas Johnson became an employee of the Pacific Railway Company. He heard or saw nothing of his enemy Bradford for a year and a half, and their rencontre had almost slipped his memory.

At length, an incident which happened in Cheyenne recalled it very vividly. He chanced to be in that town one dark, rainy fall evening, and in the bar-room of one of the so-called hotels—a rather forlorn frame shanty, by-the-by.

The room was filled by the rough, mixed crowd incidental to the time and place, and was rather too strongly redolent of bad whiskey and tobacco to be exactly pleasant. While Johnson was standing near the fire, drying his clothes, which had been liberally moistened by the rain, his attention was attracted towards the bar by an occurrence there.

It was not an uncommon or remarkable thing either there or anywhere else, being simply a very drunken man suing for another drink. He looked like a hunter or trapper. His garb would have so stamped him, and he wore a large hunting knife in his belt. Besides this weapon, he had the not unusual accompaniment of a revolver.

His face was turned towards the barkeeper, to whom he was pleading in a husky tone for another drink, and his manner was almost piteous.

The knight of the tumblers refused his request in no gentle voice, and with a manner that betokened firmness. The tipsy man attempted to persuade him, but without success.

"I won't do," was the inexorable reply. "I know all you fellers. You've went and drank up all the furs and skins you've carnt these three months, and the best thing you kin do now is to go and get some more."

The hunter hesitated a little while. Then he suddenly drew his large, bright-bladed knife and threw it upon the counter, telling the barkeeper to take that for pay.

"Not any," returned the latter. "I've got half a dozen of 'em already. Besides you'd better keep the thing, for you know you need it."

The other persevered in his proffer.

"Now, look here," said the barkeeper, "I said no, more nor once, and when I say a thing I mean it. You better put this up, for I won't have it; or, if you must have a drink, maybe you can sell it to some of these gents."

All this time Johnson had been standing looking on pityingly and yet a little amused. But now, seeing that the fellow was determined to have his dram, and feeling inclined for one himself after his wetting, he determined to gratify his wish. So he stepped forward, saying to the man in charge:—

"Let him have his drink and I'll take another. Stranger, we will drink together."

At these words the stranger turned around and extended his hand. As they came face to face, Tom Johnson recognized on the instant his old enemy, Jack Bradford! He had changed some little; he looked worn and haggard and considerably older. But there was no mistaking those strongly marked features.

The recognition for a brief period did not seem to be mutual. Johnson had not altered much, beyond having a more matured look, and having graced his upper lip with a moustache. But the other was too much under the influence of his favorite beverage to observe quickly, and, besides, he scarcely looked in the face of his new friend.

But Johnson himself was so incautious as to start back and exclaim:—

"Jack Bradford!"

The latter looked up in surprise. He too stared, then his expression changed and blackened, and he hissed in his old, vengeful manner:—

"We've come together ag'in, Tom Johnson!"

With an attempt to be friendly, Johnson answered:—

"Yes, Jack, it is some time since we saw each other last, and we are not likely to meet again soon; so we had better drop the past, take a sociable drink together, and part friendly."

Bradford straightened himself against the counter, and eyed the other fiercely, as he rejoined:—

"Tom Johnson, ef you thinks I'm the man to forgit and forgive a injury, you're playin' a weak hand. You crossed me once, and I swore if I ever caught you, you'd remember it. I'm goin ter keep my word!"

His hand, while he was speaking, wandered over the counter behind him, till it struck his knife, which was still lying there. He mechanically grasped it. Johnson saw the movement, and stepped back a pace or two, eyeing Bradford keenly.

The latter, at this, threw down the weapon again, with a coarse oath. But the ferocious cast never left his heavy countenance.

"I tried one o' them once, and it didn't work. I'm not agoing to fail ag'in, Tom!"

There was blood in his tone, and blood in his very looks. Such an occurrence out in Cheyenne was calculated to excite about the same interest as a dog fight would within the realms of civilization, and about as little alarm.

So the crowd gathered on each side of the room, and looked on with some little curiosity, but evidently with no intention of interfering to prevent bloodshed.

Johnson had stepped back nearly to the side of ... apartment opposite the bar, in anticipation ... sault with the knife. He seemed ... Bradford ...

... cocked and leveled. John- ... ascertain, and divined his intentions. He ... forward, but it would have been impossible for ... to leave cleared half the intervening space before the pistol could have been fired. But he had an ally where he little expected one.

The barkeeper, with the conservative motive implied in his last words, saw the revolver aimed, and exclaimed:—

"You musn't do this in here!"

He grasped the arm of Bradford. The sudden seizure had the effect of turning the latter's arm till his weapon was pointed at his own head. His finger was upon the trigger, and in the convulsive excitement of the moment it pressed upon it. The weapon was fired, and the ball entered his forehead. With a horrid exclamation, he bounded upward, and came down a corpse before he touched the floor.

DISJOINTED BOATING GOSSIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HAMILTON.

Brother boatmen, I congratulate you. The time for the feathering of the oar has come. To you of southern climes it has come long ago—indeed, it scarcely ceases; but the long, cold winter cuts us of the North off from our sport for many months. But when these lines are given to the world in the immortality of type, from Montreal to Tampa Bay, from Boston to Chicago, will be heard the splash of the sweep, the almost silent dipping of the scull in the river, and the song of the oarsman as he glides along in his light boat, browning his face, hardening his hands, and increasing his appetite to an extent that makes him the terror of boarding house keepers.

I wonder that so few boating men make excursions, go on exploring tours in their boats. There's no greater or healthier fun than this. To enjoy it in its perfection, the party must start without any fixed intention of being anywhere at any particular time. Adherence to any projected time-table takes away all the fun. A devil-may-care, happy life it is. I beg pardon for mentioning him in the same paragraph with Satan, but there is a certain clerical boatman at Poughkeepsie who is the greatest aquatic explorer, and the "long distance" champion, since the "wherry berry man" rowed from New England to New York, living on the way upon straw, rasp, black, whortle, and other berries. This gentleman goes, in his shell boat, into strange countries (such as Babylon, on Long Island, used to be not many years ago, when chasing a greased pig was a staple Sunday amusement), and, I have no doubt, he leaves them wiser and better men when he departs. But his voyages are solitary, like Macgregor in the "Rob Roy." Now company is essential to the full pleasure of such expeditions. A jolly companion to "halve your sorrows and double your joys" makes the thing perfect, if you have fine weather. And it is best to get as far out as possible from the beaten track—to avoid railroad and telegraph routes, and get among the stage coach people. I saw an account in some country paper, a year or so ago, of an excursion made by two boating men into the undiscovered region of the Hudson river, which pleased me amazingly.

They had a double scull, clinker built, canvas covered outrigger. Their baggage consisted of three handkerchiefs and a tooth brush apiece and a pack of cards for joint property. Of course "medical stores," such as tobacco and whiskey, must have been provided by the purser, but no mention is made of them. According to their account they pulled and waded, principally the latter, from Waterford to Schuylerville, forty-four miles, through a region in which such an apparition had never been seen. Very great attention was paid to them, and their light boat and gay uniform astonished the good people wonderfully. The historian, or, rather, log keeper of the voyage says that on one occasion, when the other man had gone ashore for milk, and *he* sat, holding to the bank of the river so as not capsize, a very old man hobbled down to the water. He sat there, dressed his cane on the ground, his clasped hand on his cane and his chin on his hand. He looked long and thoughtfully at the boat and log man. Finally he raised his head and his voice, and said:—

"Bought I ask if that is a revenue cutter?"

And the voracious log man records that a "portage," or "carry," being necessary round a barn, the trustees of the village carried the boat round in a sort of triumphal procession through the principal street. They puzzled many, but were puzzled once themselves. In Schuylerville they were roaming about, when a fellow said:—

"When are you going off?"

"This afternoon."

"Oh, thunder! stay and give the boys some fun."

The voyagers will always be in ignorance of whether they were taken for a circus or a torchlight procession by this bucolic gentleman.

The whole narrative shows how much pleasure, adventure and wild excitement lie within the reach of our boating men, if they choose to grasp them.

The writer does not, of course, pretend that he has seen every running stream on which such boats swims, but he has viewed many such sports in his own and foreign lands, and has heard of many more. And he has made up his mind to this fact, that of all places which he has seen, either with his mortal or mental eye, the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, seems to him the best adapted to comfortable boating—the Hudson, at Albany, the most eligible spot for pursuing boating under difficulties. Yet they have their points of similarity. The Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, is dammed by the city. The Hudson, at Albany, is dammed by the citizens—when the spring freshets inundate the lower streets. And this useless (for the river don't mind it a bit) profanity is indulged in by boatmen when the current carries away boat-houses. This, in particular, it once did to the story floating house, which was very complete of its kind. The married members of the club used to come down to the boat-house in the afternoon and catch their next morning's breakfast of fresh fish from the windows; also it had a canal, into which the members used to fall when they had new clothes on. This convenient edifice, worth, perhaps, a thousand dollars, the mighty river carried away and left so far inland that it was sold for a pig-pen. The last time I saw Albany boating accommodations, the whole navy, among which were some celebrated boats, were all huddled into one canal boat.

"Why," quoth a Philadelphian, standing near me and mindful of the free-stone front houses of his native city, "why, if our boys had to contend with such impediments to navigation as these, the Schuylkill Navy wouldn't last long enough to take a drink all round and bust."

Just imagine a race between two boats manned by cashiers after the panic of 1857. How many men who had been informed that "we can't discount for you today—exchanges are running against us," would be wishing for one or the other boat to upset, just out of spite!

Not long ago I was in company with a young married man, married recently to a pretty rich girl. Some one asked him what had been, so far, the most blissful moment of his life. Of course, every one, his bride included, expected that he would say that the most blissful moment was that at which, having proposed, he was accepted by this young woman,

"With a very large fortune of silver and gold."

But he answered promptly and candidly:—

"When our crew beat the Quickstep!"

I happened to have been in that crew myself. From sundry reasons there was particular cause for jubilating, and certainly, if the bliss of "popping the question" is greater than our pleasure, when we won, there is "balm in Gilead" for all bachelors, if they will only screw up their courage to the "asking point." I appeal to every man who has ever won a race if there is not something which merits the name of *ecstatic* in beating an opponent after a hard fight?

Single scullers in shell boats are exposed to queer accidents. I think I have spoken in these columns of the man whose boat and body were turned over by the first of a sturgeon's tail that was tied in shallow water.

A ferry boat pilot once told me that he was steering his craft across the river one night, and he heard cries for help. Looking over the river, he saw a single scull boat in a curious predicament. It had run its nose upon a piece of float wood so far that the sculler could not back it off, and he was floating helplessly down the current, reminding one of the little steamer that got tangled up in a Mississippi raft.

I remember once borrowing, without leave, an outrigger single scull, clinker built. I had a superb pull, but just as I was near home I ran over a wreck, and it happened that a single post of the wreck was so near the surface that the boat ran upon it and stuck. There I was, within sight of the store of the owner of the stolen property—and there was his frail boat spinning round like a top, and astonishing everybody who saw it by its eccentricity. I was perfectly helpless—couldn't touch any part of the wreck with my scull to push the boat off. How I got loose I can't exactly understand. Probably the boat felt that it had punished me enough for stealing it. At any rate it suddenly slipped off the post and I went on my way rejoicing, for the owner hadn't seen me.

Our crew once witnessed a laughable instance of misapplied assistance. We wanted to land one of the men at a very high dock. He had some difficulty apparently in scrambling up, and the stroke oar, saying "Charley, I'll help you," threw the boat-hook, intending to stick it into the dock. Instead of this, the night being dark, he stuck it right bang into the man, who gave a great howl and a great leap, and reached *terra firma* at one convulsive spring. He immediately seized a huge stone and cast it into the water, wetting the stroke completely, and, as we pulled a "hearty" away, we heard him stumbling and swearing after more stones.

VALKING DOWN BROADWAY.—No. 15.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, dot vedder dots doo varm for us to vent any more down by dem Bulls und Bears; bedder dot ve lay off from dot blace for a leedle vile und dake a ride oud on der road. Dem sbeculadors d

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

MORMON WOMEN.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION REWARDED WITH TREACHERY THROUGH MORMON INFLUENCE.

A number of years since, a man, who is now an elder in the church, and brother of another elder, lived in an eastern city, the husband of a noble woman, who owned some property in her own right. The man joined the Mormons, and his wife, with true womanly devotion, mortgaged her property to enable them to remove to Salt Lake. The family lived happily for some years, one of the daughters marrying a wealthy man, with whom she is still living. The wife's property in the east was sold and the money invested in real estate in the city, in the husband's name. Then came the edict that all true saints should deed their property to the church, to be held in trust for them. The property bought by this woman's money was so deeded by the husband. Then the husband was ordered to take another wife, and he complied. Then his wife, robbed of her property and her husband, left his roof, and went to her daughter's, where she is still living. Business called the son-in-law from the territory, and he took his family with him. The mother of his wife attempted to go with her daughter, and three times was she brought back by the Mormon authorities on frivolous pretexts, and finally she had to procure an escort of soldiers to guard her out of the territory.

THE YOUNG WIFE OF AN ANCIENT "SAINT."

A very pious old Mormon, besides having several wives, was married, or "sealed," as they term it, to a young and very pretty girl, who, from the pressure brought to bear on her by the church, consented to the sacrifice. He treated her unkindly, and she, loathing his caresses, escaped from him and took refuge in a Gentile family in Salt Lake City. The family employed her, and told her that, as long as she chose to stay with them, they would protect her. After the expiration of several weeks, the man who claimed her called at the house to get her, but she refused to see him, and the gentleman with whom she was staying would not permit him to see her against her will. The old fellow went away vowing that he would have her. The next day the girl went out and called on some of her Mormon friends, and came back very sad. She said that they would curse her soul if she did not go with her husband, and she was foolish enough to believe they had the power. Again the old man came, this time with a policeman, and, without knocking at the gentleman's door, they forced their way into the gentleman's house, and then demanded the woman. The gentleman told them that she was with his wife, and unless she was willing to see them they should not enter her room. The policeman blustered, but to no avail. The gentleman asked the girl if she would see her husband, telling her that if she did not wish to she should be protected. The girl said she must see him, or she would be cursed forever, but she would not go with him. The husband then went with his wife for a few minutes, when he came out and said that she wanted to go with him. On asking the girl if it was so, she wrung her hands, saying she must go; but why she must go she would not tell, only a fearful oath which she had taken when she joined the Mormons would be broken if she did not go, and her soul would be lost forever; and sobbing as though her heart was broken, the poor girl threw her arms around the neck of her protector's wife, gave her a last kiss, and was led away by the old saint in triumph. Are women free when scenes like these occur?

INCESTUOUS MARRIAGES.

Not alone is the evil of polygamy confined to the sundering of ties and the destruction of the finer feelings of the heart. Its evil influence extends to the health of the body and mind of the coming generations. If we credit the assertions of men of medical skill, if we believe that marriages of blood relatives bring ill on the children of such unions, the assertion of the existence of this evil among this people cannot be denied. Men have been pointed out who have for their wives two sisters, and they have raised children by both. Another case was brought to notice where the three wives of a man were a mother and her two daughters. Another man was pointed out as the husband of his half sister, she being the daughter of his father by another woman. Such cases as those cited above are not rare; they are common. Who shall undertake to say, or even imagine, what the final result of such licentious and incestuous marriages will be on the coming generations? Who shall say what will be the result if this custom continues, if the Mormons are allowed to make women of less account than their beasts of burden, caring for them only in the ratio of the children they bring into the world? All men must marry who belong to the church as soon as they arrive at the proper age. The young men, as well as maidens, are taught to be strictly virtuous.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH BETWEEN WOMEN IN VIRGINIA.

JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

ONE OF THE COMBATANTS CHOKED TO DEATH.

One of the most extraordinary murders that it has ever fallen to the lot of Virginia journalists to chronicle was committed in Henrico county on Sunday last. It was a duel, in which two negro women were the belligerent parties, and of which jealousy was the moving cause. There was a man in the case. He was one George Ellis, a gay and festive field hand, who, though possessing a dark skin, rejoices in the reputation of a Lothario of the first water. Until a few months ago Julia Ann Ellis, who lives on a neighboring plantation, was the happy possessor of his affections, and although never united by the parson, they were living together in the slavery fashion, as man and wife. Like most married people, they were supposed to be happy in the connubial relation, until one black day, when the shining star of Ella Woodson arose upon George's horizon, and this sable beauty won his heart, and he—a naughty man—flung t'other one's away.

To cut a sad story short, George's amatorial advances culminated in the desertion of Julia, his first love, and his taking up with Ella, whose heart he soon had gained. Jealousy was rife between the two women. They backbit each other, they sneered, they "jawed," they quarreled, they threatened, and, finally, they fought it out on a line rather new in the history of female pugilistic encounters. On Sunday morning Julia's wrath boiled over, and, no longer able to restrain her temper, she went over to the "negro quarters" on Colonel Knight's place, and standing at the door, boldly challenged her rival to a fair fight, with nobody to interfere. Ella promptly took the gauntlet up, and together they went to the duelling ground, without the seconds or surgeons who generally accompany more civilized persons engaged upon such murderous errands.

The spot chosen was a deep ravine, a long distance from any dwelling house, and completely hidden from the view of persons who traveled by the ordinary country roads. Each woman had a good stout walking stick, with which they were to fight, though the use of teeth, fists, feet, and finger-nails was not interdicted by their code. Side by side they walked into the glade, and then, without a moment's parley to agree upon distance and signals, they flew at one another with the fury of enraged wild cats. Sticks were soon abandoned as unwieldy, and requiring too long a range to be of use, and then the combatants closed in, armed only with the weapons God had given them for defence.

They wrestled a moment in silence—one woman, with all the hate of an outraged wife bubbling to her finger ends, and the other burning with jealousy and fighting for life itself. Presently they fell to the ground. Ella, though the stoutest and strongest, was beneath. By some means one finger of her antagonist's hand got between her teeth, and she bit it to the bone. Then came the death struggle. With her other hand, which was free, Julia, as she admits, managed in spite of all resistance, to choke her antagonist until the breath left her body. This done, she relinquished her hold, and her dusky rival lay dead at her feet. The murderess enjoyed but for a moment the wicked sweetness of revenge. A sense of her crime and dread of punishment induced her to give the prostrate form one last blow, to make sure that no tales would be told by those icy lips, and then she dragged it towards the ditch, hoping to hide it from human sight. But this design was frustrated by a negro who, happening to take a short cut through the woods on his way to church, was horror struck by the sight of a wild looking woman dragging a corpse through the briery undergrowth in the ravine below him. He gave the alarm at once, and upon his information the negress who committed the murder was speedily arrested. A jury of inquest, summoned by order of Justice Woodworth, viewed the body on yesterday morning. Julia made her appearance before the coroner and acknowledged the commission of the bloody deed, and an account of the circumstances attending it, out claimed that it was perpetrated in self-defence. The jury found that the deceased, Ella Woodson, came to her death from wounds and bruises received at the hands of Julia Ann Gills.

The accused was brought to town and lodged in a cell at the jail, where she will remain until next Saturday, when her case will be fully investigated by a court of magistrates. The deceased has been decently buried.—*Richmond Dispatch, June 29.*

A CURIOUS FAMILY HISTORY.

An Illinois paper, the Peoria *Democrat*, tells this story:—

About two years ago an old gentleman, once a prominent railroad man and well known citizen of Peoria, while living in St. Louis, made the acquaintance of a woman, a clairvoyant in that city. He was a spiritualist; the woman had great influence over him, and finally induced him to marry her, in order to get possession of his wealth, amounting to about $70,000. She and her colleague, whom she represented to the old man as her brother, at once commenced to carry into execution their well laid plans for obtaining the money.

As soon as the marriage ceremony was performed the three started to Peoria on a bridal tour, and while on the way the old man was drugged to such an extent as to render him half insane. It seems that the latter had raised and educated an orphan girl. The childish old man, rendered more foolish through the influence of the administered drug, was induced to believe the story that the girl had made affidavit that she had been ruined by her adopted father, and that officers of the law were upon the track to arrest the criminal.

The dupe's fortune was principally in cash and government and railroad bonds. A portion of this he had with him, and the rest was deposited at different places in the east. To save his property and his person, as soon as the party arrived in Peoria the former was transferred to the wife and the old man retired to a little town a short distance across the river, where he remained a few weeks as an invalid, to avoid detection. Not hearing from his friends in Peoria, he finally came over to the city, but could not find them. Suspecting some thing wrong, he made a trip east to where the deposits of money and bonds had been made, and discovered that the entire amounts had been collected and that the birds had flown.

After about two years, and quite recently, the old man learned that his false wife had returned to Peoria. He came hither and found that such was the case, but has not as yet been able to get any satisfaction regarding the lost treasure. He has knowledge of the woman living here, and has frequently called at her house, near the Fourth Ward school house, on Jefferson street, but has not been able to see or gain an interview with her.

We understand that legal proceedings are about to be instituted by the swindled old man, who is left nearly penniless, with a hope of recovering a portion of his lost fortune, but as to what success will attend the intervention of the court we are able to say nothing.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT BY A HINDOO JUDGE.

Mr. Moraba Cannoba, a Hindoo judge of the Small Cause Court of Bombay, a prominent opponent of the custom which prohibits the re-marriage of Hindoo widows, has just adopted a very practical method of proving the earnestness of his opinions. Mr. Moraba is a widower, and he has published an advertisement in the Bombay newspapers offering to marry a Hindoo widow on the following conditions:—

"No female need apply whose age is under twenty or above thirty-five years, or who has children by her first husband. The application should show the names of the applicant, of her deceased husband, her father and her brothers, if she has any; her present age, her place of residence; whether she knows how to read or write; when she became a widow; who has hitherto supported her, and whether she be ready and willing to perform the necessary religious ceremony before the close of the present marriage season. The names of all rejected applicants shall not be disclosed by me, and, if required, I shall return the original applications when I have selected one. All applicants should be prepared to have one or more interviews with me, in the presence of such witnesses as the applicants may name, but at a place and time to be fixed by me. In order that my second wife may have a snug competency after my death, I shall secure for a pension of rupees, 50 (fifty) a month, by becoming a subscriber to the Uncovenanted Service Widow Fund."

The advertisement has called forth a number of letters to the newspapers from persons professing to be widows or widows' guardians, asking for further information on some curious points. Others appear to be rather exacting in their conditions. One lady, for instance, wishes to know whether, in addition to or in lieu of the promised pension, the advertiser "would arrange to secure a husband for me before his death, as my object in entering into a second wedlock is simply to have a husband, and should he (Mr. Moroba) die like my first husband, I shall again be left a widow." If he is prepared to nominate a successor, the lady adds, she will be happy to send in an application.

A HAPPY REUNION.

A little episode occurred yesterday, among a party of immigrants who arrived over the Great Western Railway, that proves that hearts among the poor and lowly beat as strong in love and affection as hearts concealed 'neath silk and broadcloth. Ten years ago, then a young man of twenty, a Hollander named Elser Mart, accompanied to this country a party of immigrants organized near his native place, leaving behind a father, mother and two young sisters. He settled down in the Holland settlement, in Ottawa county, and about five years ago took to himself a wife, who has borne him a son and daughter. During the ten years, but one letter passed between the absent son and the old couple, who smoked and dreamed in the corners of the big kitchen fire-place across the blue water. Three years after the departure of Elser, the father died, and it was not many months ere the young girls were also motherless. Several letters had been dispatched to inform the brother of the two-fold calamities, but they never reached the one that would have hastened to answer in person. Mart, for the past three years, has been the proprietor of a grocery store at the settlement, and yesterday was in the city on his quarterly trip to make purchases. In wandering about he came across a few sight-seeing Hollanders, and followed, conversing, down the main parts of the Central depot. In walking about his eye caught the family name painted on the end of one of those proverbial storehouse chests which accompany every immigrant, and he immediately made rapid and earnest inquiry for the owner. He was directed to a buxom young female who had taken advantage of the halt to overhaul her dilapidated wearing apparel. A few questions propounded and answered, and there was such a scene of laughter, and crying and kissing as to centre the attention of the whole party on the twain, and it was not long before it was known that Mart had discovered his long unheard from sister. After a few moments the other, who had walked down to the lower end of the wharf, returned, and the demonstrations above described were again gone through with. After things had assumed a matter-of-fact tone, the laughing was turned to grief over the recital of the parents' death, and the three wept long and bitterly, drawing the sympathy of the immigrants, who clustered round with words of cheer and condolence. A German who stood near, and who heard and witnessed all, was the medium through which the wondering outsiders gained the history of the incident. The immigrants were bound for Northern Iowa, but Mart did not intend to lose sight of his new-found sisters, and accordingly had the sturdy old trunk, which had so altered his fortunes, conveyed to the Milwaukee depot, and last evening the three left for the brother's home. Elser looking happy and wise and the girls laughing and chattering like magpies. After the death of their parents they had lived out in respectable families, and their godfathers were among the immigrant party and shook the lasses by the hand at parting.—*Detroit Free Press, June 25.*

EGYPTIAN DANSEUSES.—When the girls arose, the grace of their forms was visible; they had on their professional dress worn in the village, which consisted of a short embroidered jacket, fitting close, but open in front, exposing their bosoms, on which hung strings of glittering ornaments; long, loose trousers of transparent silk, a thin sash of cashmere twisted around the loins, rather than the waist, and slippers of red morocco, with upturned points, completed the costume. Their hair hung in long braids down their backs, and hundreds of small gold coins were twisted in it, and sparkled as well in glittering circlets over brows, as around necks and arms. Their eyelids were delicately painted with *kohl* so as to make them almond-shaped and—languishing; and they advanced to the centre of the boat with a certain symmetry that was in harmony with the music.

As they took their places they threw off their slippers and commenced the movement, keeping time to the notes of the reed pipe, and accompanying it with the clapping castanets, which were fastened to the thumb and forefinger of each hand. There were three of them, young and beautiful; the others were hideous, with rat's eyes, flaccid cheeks, and tattooed chins, so I contented myself with watching the most agreeable. They danced in groups of two or four, and then agitating their copper cymbals around and above their heads, they advanced right and left, circling, curving and retreating, until a sort of prelude was finished, when, joining the orchestra, who set up a dismal, melancholy song, they began a movement of the body almost impossible to describe. Their limbs seemed to be seized with a trembling, but they moved in unison, and while the upper part of the body swayed and turned in a sort of dancing temptation, becoming more and more agitated in time to the music and wild singing, and their breasts feigned with immodesty the most sensual physical emotions, until they seemed to almost exhaust themselves in an audacious ecstacy.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A WIFE EXCHANGED FOR A HORSE.—An amusing and actual case came before a lawyer of Pontiac, Michigan, a few days ago. A man residing in that county (whose name is not mentioned) became enamored of another man's wife, and supposing that if he could obtain her husband's consent for a valuable consideration, he could take her to himself without violating the law (she being willing), produced a forged title from the woman's father to the effect that he had heard serious charges against his son-in-law, and was coming to take his daughter away. The husband, supposing that he must lose his wife, was induced to accept a *horse* in exchange for her, supposing that he would thus be released from the bonds of matrimony without the expense and trouble of applying to the courts. A few days since, the husband, hearing that his wife intended to return to her first love, and not willing disposed to receive her, consulted a lawyer as to whether she could return and oblige him to live with her, and was very much surpised to learn that the bargain and sale he had made were null and void. He now wishes to obtain a divorce, and congratulates himself on having the best of the bargain, for he says he has a horse that is worth more than the woman ever was.

A BRUTAL HUSBAND at Passaic the other day dragged his wife out of bed and gave her an unmerciful thrashing, because she had enlarged the family by the addition of a female member, whereas he had set his heart upon having a boy! He is an Irishman, and his wife was a widow. Pending her confinement she was attended by her mother, and when the birth of a girl was announced, the man went out, got drunk, and on returning told his mother-in-law that she might go, as he could attend to his wife's wants. As soon as he was alone with the sick woman he cursed her for having disappointed him, dragged her upon the floor, kicked and struck her most brutally. The noise attracted Councilman Benj. S. Watson to the spot, when he interfered, arrested the inhuman husband, and took him before Justice H. P. Simmons. That functionary remanded the drunken fellow, on the ground that there were not two witnesses of the assault (Watson not having seen blows actually delivered), and even threatened the Councilman for exceeding his powers in making the arrest! The brute was therefore released, but Mr. Watson threatened to thrash him within an inch of his life if he went near his wife again; so she was saved from his intrusion. Still the shock was almost too great for her, and it is doubtful if she recovers.—*Paterson (N. J.) Press.*

ROYAL SCANDAL.—The greatest social scandal of the age is now in progress. One of the oldest and best families in Warwickshire, Engs., is thrown into great distress and likely to be broken up. The lady in question is young and fair, and has hitherto borne an unimpeachable reputation. A short time ago, during the agonies of maternity, she said enough to convince her husband that he was not the father of the little stranger just about to make his appearance. Other revelations succeeded, and although every effort has been made to hush up the affair, the latest accounts state that the husband is determined to put the matter to a legal investigation. If he persists in this course, there will be a terrible time in the divorce court. Rumor at first only hinted vaguely that the co-respondents would be one of the most distinguished men in the upper rank of society, but it is no longer a secret that it will be no other than that sad young scapegrace, the Prince of Wales.

THRIFTY SWAINS.—While Mlle. M., a beautiful *ballet* girl, of rather loose morals, was dancing at the Paris Odeon, a few weeks ago, her mother entertained a select party of fast young men and *demi-mondaines* at the new house which her daughter had just rented. "A nice house this," said the old lady to her rich young guests, "is it not? Unfortunately there are a great many things yet wanting for us, as, for instance, a nice box of dominoes, a fine grand piano, some gobelins which my daughter has seen at the store in the Vivienne and which she would like to have," etc. The next day twenty-two commissionaires brought twenty-two packages to Mlle. M. These twenty-two packages contained twenty-two boxes of dominoes.

RETURNED TO HER FIRST LOVE.—Charles Booker was arraigned before Justice Ledwith on the 29th ult., in the Jefferson Market Police Court, this city, on a charge of assaulting a daughter of Joseph Castra, seven years of age. Castra having gone to the war and been reported killed, his widow, a Cuban, placed their daughter in a half orphan asylum in Nineteenth street, and took service as a pretty waiter girl in the Evening Star Concert Saloon, on Broadway. Here she met Booker, and after a short courtship they were married and took apartments on Sixth avenue, where they lived happily. Casta, however, suddenly "turned up" alive, and his widow returned to her first allegiance, leaving Booker.

A PATRIARCH.—In Lincoln township, Madison county, Iowa, there is a man who was married more than sixty years ago, became the father of nineteen children, and his first wife being dead, married a second one, who has become, in a former matrimonial adventure, the mother of ten children. The patriarch is now eighty-five years of age, and three weeks ago his wife presented him with another heir.

MARRIAGE OF LORD BYRON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.—The marriage of Lord Byron's only grand-daughter, Lady Anne Isabella Noel King Noel, has just taken place, and she is now Lady Anne Blunt. Her mother was Lord Byron's only daughter, the Ada he loved so passionately.

A PECULIAR FAMILY.—There lives near Billville, Hendricks county, a peculiar family—three boys and three girls. The oldest girl is about twenty-four years, weighs about two hundred pounds, is a very intelligent lady, but we noticed one peculiar feature not common among the fair sex—she had a very heavy beard (minus the moustache), which is about two inches long and of auburn color. The beard on the chin of this lady is the heaviest. We did not perceive any on her throat, nothing but regular side and chin whiskers. We were informed that her beard has grown more rapidly during the past year. The next girl is seventeen years old, born blind, and is an idiot; the next is a girl fourteen, born blind. The three boys are all intelligent young men. The parent of this family is one of the wealthiest men in Hendricks county.—*Ladoga, Ind., Herald.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

IN PROBLEM No. 678, the author observes:—"I find a slight flaw. If Black 1..Kt to Kt 3+; 2. B × Kt, Kt to Kt 4; and 9..B to B 5+, or B to Q 8, mating next move.—The addition of a Black Pawn at K 7th would prevent the latter move, afford a variation on Black's 8th move, and allow him the option of bringing three Queens into play. I regret that I did not notice this sooner, and hope I have forestalled the 'critical critics.'"

THE LARCHES.—In noticing this rural caisson retreat, we meant to say distinctly that information respecting it was to be had of all the gentlemen named. It is to be hoped that no embrage will be taken at the apparently invidious "invitations."

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XXVIII.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. XCV.

WHITE.—King at Q R 3; Queen at her Kt sq; Rook at K R 7; Bishops at Q Kt 8, and K R 5; Knights at Q B 3, and Kt 7; Pawns at K 3, K Kt 4, and K R 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Queen at K B 6; Rooks at Q 3, and K R 8; Knight at Q Kt 2; Pawns at Q R 4, K 3, and K R 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Imperfect.—In Var. (A) Black 1..Kt to Q B 4; 2..Kt to Q B 6 +, as given, *or* R to K B 7, mating next move. If Black 1..Q × Q; 2..Kt to B 6 +, *or* Kt to Kt 6 +; and 3.. mate.

PROBLEM No. XCVI.

WHITE.—King at his 8; Queen at K R 7; Rook at K B 7; Knight at Q Kt 5; Pawn at Q B 4.

BLACK.—King at Q B 3; Bishop at Q Kt 3, and K Kt 7; Knight at Q R sq; Pawns at Q B 4, and Q 3d.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect.—In Var. (A) Black 1..B to K B 6; 2..Kt to R 7 +, B × Kt; 3..Q to Kt 5, *or* 7, mate. But White may also play 2..Kt to Q 4 +, P × Kt; 3..Q to Kt 5, mate. Any other move for the Black Bishop than that given would lead to worse results.

PROBLEM No. CI.

WHITE.—King at Q R 3; Queen at K Kt sq; Rook at Q Kt 6; Bishops at Q R sq, and K 2; Knight at Q sq; Pawn at Q R 4th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Queen at K R 3; Rook at K R sq; Bishop at Q sq; Knights at K 6, and K B 4; Pawns at Q B 4, K 6, K B 3, and K R 4th.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect.—In Var. (A), in reply to Black 1..K to Q 5, the author gives 2..Q × Kt +. If Black then play 2..K to B 5, White has three ways of mating. But Black may reply 2..Kt inter, which defeats the mate. The proper move for the Attack is 2..B to K B 3 +. Besides the Defences given, Black has several others:—If 1..Kt to Q 5; 2..Q to B 7 ×, *or* Q to K 4 +, *or* B × Kt +, mating next move. If 1..R to K sq; 2..Q × Kt, *or* Q to B 7 +; 3.. mates; and if 1..Q to B sq; 2..Q × Kt, *or* Kt × P +; and 3.. mates.

PROBLEM No. CII.

WHITE.—King at Q R 4; Queen at K B 8; Bishops at K Kt 8, and K Kt 6; Knights at Q Kt 5, and K 2d.

BLACK.—King at his 3; Rook at Q 4; Bishop at K 6; Knight at K Kt 4; Pawns at Q B 5, and Q 3d.

White mates in three moves.

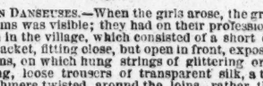
Unsound.—Besides the author's solution 1..Kt to Q 4 +, followed by 2..B to K 5, or B to K B 5 +, as Black plays, White may proceed as follows:—1..Q to her 8, threatening mate by 2..Kt to Q B 7. If, to prevent this, Black 1..B to Q R 3; White 2..Kt to K B 4 +; and 3. Q × Kt, mate. If Black 1..B to K B 5; 2..B, *or* Kt × B; and mate follows next move. The problem may be perfected by adding a Black Pawn at K R 3d.

TO BE CONTINUED.

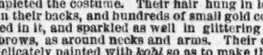
Enigma No. 681.

Competitor in the Parisian International Tourney.

BY HERR ENGELHARDT.



at K R sq, K B 4, Q B 6, K sq, Q B 8, K Kt 8, Q R 5, K 2, and White Pawn at Q R 4th.



at Q 4, Q 5, Q B 4, K B 4, Q B 2d.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Problem No. 681.

BY. HARSEN D. SMITH.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 681.

The deciding battle of the "Challenge Cup Tourney" in the B. C. A.'s late Metropolitan Congress.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
Mr. de Vere.	Mr. Blackburne.	Mr. de Vere.	Mr. Blackburne.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	29..Q Kt to Q 5 *(d)*	K Kt to Kt sq
2..P to Q 4	P to Q 4	30..P to Q Kt 4	P to Kt 4
3..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	31..R P × P	R P × P
4..K B-Q 3	P-Q B 4 *(a)*	32..Q K-B 3	K-Q Kt sq
5..K P × Q P	K P × P	33..R-Kt sq	K R-Q sq
6..Q to Q 2	Q Kt-B 3	34..Q Kt-K 7	R-Q 2
7..Q R-Q sq	Q B × P	35..R P × Q	K-Q Kt 2
8..K Kt-K 2	K Kt-B 3	36..K-his Kt 2	B-Q Kt 3
9..Castles.	P-K R 3	37..K-K B 5	K R-Q 2
10..Q B-B 4	P-Q R 3 *(b)*	38..P-K Kt 4	P-K R 5
11..Q-her 2	P-K Kt 4	39..R-Q B sq	B-his 2
12..Q B-Kt 3	K Kt-R 4	40..K-his B 2	K-Q Kt 3
13..K-Kt sq	P-K B 4	41..R-Q sq	K-Q 3
14..Q R-K sq *(c)*	Q-her R 4	42..K-his 2	B × Kt 2d P
15..Q-home	Castles, Q R.	43..K-Q 3	K-B 4
16..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	44..K-his 4	K-Q B 5
17..K Kt-B sq	K Kt × B +	45..K R-Q 3	K B-K 8
18..B P × Kt	P-K R 4	46..P-Kt 3 +	K-Kt 5
19..K B-his 5	Q Kt-Q 5	47..K × K P	B-Q B 6
20..Kt Kt-K 3	Kt × K Kt	48..K-his 4	R K × Kt
21..B P × Kt	P-Q 5	49..K R × R +	K × R P
22..P-Q Kt 4	Q-her B 2	50..P-K B 4	Kt P × P
23..K B × B +	B P × B	51..P-Kt 5 *(e)*	P-K B 6
24..Q R-K 4	Q-Q Kt 4	52..P-K Kt 6	P-K B 7
25..Kt-K B 6	Q R-K 4	53..P-K Kt 7	B × R +
26..Q-her Kt 3	Q R × R	54..K × K B	P Queens.
27..K R × R	Q-her B 3	55..P Q-her +	K-B 3-h, and
28..P-K Kt 3	P-K 4 *good*	Mr. Blackburne rose from the	

two days' struggle the titled holder of the great English challenge champion cup for the next two years. Mr. de Vere, as is well known, having been its first holder for a like period.

(a) These are now believed to be the best defensive moves to this attack.

(b) To prevent Kt to Q Kt 6th.

(c) Why not 14..P to K B 4th?

(d) If R × P he receives mate in three moves.

(e) A hasty move that loses the game forthwith. K to his 4th was the correct move.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 12.—Vol. XVII.

Between Messrs. Potter and Taylor.

THE CROSS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
Mr. Potter.	Mr. Taylor.	Mr. Potter.	Mr. Taylor.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	17..11 to 15	8 to 16
2..8 11	27 23	18..18 25	26 19
3..4 8	22 18	19..15 24	25 22
4..4 14	18 9	20..24 28	19 15
5..5 14	22 17	21..8 11	10 7
6..15 18	26 22	22..11 15	7 3
7..11 15	17 13	23..15 19 *(c)*	3 8 *(d)*
8..7 11	13 9	24..2 7	23 16
9..8 15	24 20	25..7 10	8 11
10..15 24	22 6	26..19 23	22 18
11..10 18	28 19	27..14 19	18 9
12..14 18	31 26	28..19 24	25 22
13..5 7	26 24	29..23 26	11 7
14..19 14 *(a)*	32 23	30..13 14	7 10
15..11 15	24 19	31..26 30	10 17
16..7 11	15 10	32..30 26	9 6

White wins.

(a) Departing from the beaten track. *(b)* 2 to 6 is stronger play. *(c)* 14 to 18 loses. *(d)* 8 to 3 is more to the point.

Solution of Position No. 21.—Vol. XVII.

BY. M. WARDELL.

Black.	White.	White.	Black.
1..34 to 47	32 to 23	3..2 to 7, and wins.	
2..9 14	17 10		

Solution of Position No. 22.—Vol. XVII.

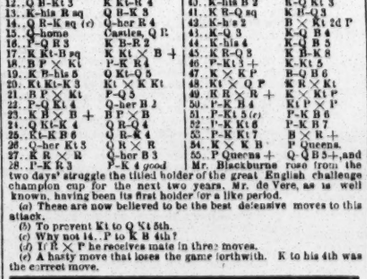
BY "EDWARD."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 10	23 to 16	6..2 to 9	12 to 16
2..32 17	14 21	7..31 27	3 7
3..10 6	5 14	8..9 14	7 11
4..30 25	21 30	9..14 18	16 19
5..6 2	30 24	10..18 22, and wins.	

Position No. 23, Vol. 17. Position No. 24, Vol. 17.

BY M. WARDELL. BY "EDWARD."

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

Black to move and win. Black to move and win.

LAGER NOT INTOXICATING.—We saw a man last night who don't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on the street to say, "Mist' harm'se bev'age in er 'orld. Man can drink fifty glasses an' never feel it mor'n (hic) I am this min't. A man drinks whisky an' he shows it. Drinks lage' beer 'n don't sh-show it, an' all'ys did! Look at t' noble Germ' pop-pop'lash'n. Never see 'em tos-tosicated, don't ye? so am I! Lager beer has no more effect on me 'n no much we'er. Can walk (hic) hale through ia'er or see crack in her sid'aid well's an ov'er man. Bet ye two doll'r-'n half dean. My house 'n find his way home with (hic) hole keg beer outa'l us. Y' say beer 'stroys mem'ry.' S'lic. 'Member better to-day'n I ever did to-mor'r. 'Rah for—who's that gem'n we pass'd at—where was our Conve'tion held? What am I—who are you—an'how'r Please tell me 'f Seven stree' runs down stree' ra'road can get a (hic) hack'n go my way. If I don't, who has?" We left him, satisfied that he was right.

BASE BALL.

BASE BALL DIRECTORY.

TO SECRETARIES OF CLUBS.

Secretaries of clubs belonging to the National Association will receive our thanks if they will send us their addresses, for publication in our Directory.

ASSOCIATION.

National Association, Chas. E. Coon, U. S. Bank, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

New York Association, Henry W. Garfield, City Bank, Albany, N. Y.

SENIORS.

Atlantic, Brooklyn, William C. Hudson, Eagle Office.
Alert, Rochester, Geo. A. Redman, P. O. Box 12.
Atlantic, Stoneham, Mass., F. L. Whittier.
Athletic, Philadelphia, S. Bell, 809 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
Atlantic, Stoneham, Mass., F. L. Whittier.
Ancient City, T. L. Barhydt, Schenectady, N. Y.
Baltic, Wheeling, W. Va., Frank Johnson, Box 838.
Buckeye, Frank Harvey, Box 711, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, John P. Joyce, Box 647, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Clipper, Lowell, Mass., J. W. White, 3 Central street.
Champion, Jersey City, N. J., J. W. Edwards, P. O. Box 228.
Detroit, Detroit, John M. L. Campbell, corner Woodward avenue and Congress street.
Eckford, Brooklyn, Charles M. Simonson, No. 191 South Second street.
Eureka, C. Carrier, Jr., Newark, N. J.
Empire, Charles H. Stevens, 306 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo.
Forest City Club, Rockford, Ill., A. W. Nichols.
Forest City, L. A. Hanna, 171 River street, Cleveland, O.
Fairmount, Fairboro, Mass., H. W. Eager, P. O. Box 18.
Greenville, Greenville, Ala., M. St. Elmo Park, Secy.
Great Western, N. H. Allen, Box 1,095, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Howard, North Bridgewater, Mass., H. H. Howard.
Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., Francis Rawle, Holworthey 10, Harvert College.
Holi, Newport, Ky., Charles Gatchell.
Kearsarge, Concord, N. H., Henry C. Minot.
King Philip, East Abington, Mass., E. C. Pool.
Lawrence, C. C. Riley, Redford, Ind.
Mutual, J. A. Bryan, care John Hancock, National Bank, Springfield, Mass.
Lowell, Boston, Mass., A. M. Newton, P. O. Box 5,433.
Mutual, New York, Alex. W. Davidson, 257 Broadway.
Metacomet, Taunton, Mass., Frank A. Kennedy, P. O. Box 533.
Mystic, Rochester, N. Y., J. Wm. Cullen, care of G. & J. Wile & Co.
National, Albany, Henry W. Garfield, City Bank.
Niagara, Buffalo, George Lewis, P. O. Box 1,151.
Olympic, Washington, D. C., Fred. A. Schmidt, Box 63.
Ontario, Oswego, Charles A. Parker, Box 994.
Oriental, New York, Thos. A. Bartley, care Brooks Bros., Union Square.
Olympic, Rock Point, Vt., W. D. Whitmore.
Olympic, St. Louis, Olympic Theatre, New York Pastime, Baltimore, Md., Philip Rogers.
Rose Hill, Fordham, N. Y., J. J. Reilly, St. John's College.
Social, New York, J. J. Foster, 156 Bowery.
Suffolk, Edwin A. Warbury, Huntington, Suffolk Co., L. I.
Star, Brooklyn, John Sterling, P. O. Box 69.
Salmon, Lowell, Mass., John P. Gregware, P. O. Box 928.
Tri-Mountain, Boston, Mass., A. R. Crosby, 177 Washington st.
Union, Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y., M. Turner.
Union, Lansingburgh, John W. Cornell, P. O. Box 15.
Union, Camden, N. J., Lyman B. Co's, 435 Federal street.
Union, Cohoes, N. Y., Thos. A. Gaffney.
Union, 14th street, between R and S streets, Washington, D. C., Arthur M. Muzzy.

JUNIOR.

Buckeye, Cincinnati, Daniel Price Dean, 191 Race street.
Eagle, Boston, Mass., F. H. Carruth, 15 East Canton street.
Enterprise, Concord, Mass., Fred. W. Thayer.
Excta, South Boston, Jas. Simpson, 329 B street.
Gil Eon, Fitchfield, Mass., Frank W. Brewster.
Phenix, Dedham, Mass., Geo. C. Ellis.
Woronoco, Westfield, Mass., W. C. Allen.

CHAMPION vs. EAGLE.

The first of a series between the Champions, of Jersey City, and the Eagles, of New York, came off at the Bayside Fields on the 29th ult. The Jerseymen were very late in putting in an appearance, and when they did get to work, at 4 o'clock, they only had seven men present. The game opened with a lead of 10 to 0 in favor of the Champions, their batting in the first innings being quite heavy, while the Eagles, particularly Staples and Kane, played lonely. On the second innings a change was made in the pitching, and this worked well for a short time. The Eagles were unable to overcome the lead their opponents had obtained, however, the Champions fielding too sharp for them. The final result was a score of 29 to 17. Some excellent fielding was shown by both sides. Snowden and Edwards excelled in the field, the former taking a fine style—his fielding being a difficult running left-hand catch. Of the Eagles, Gaughan and Norton filled their positions with credit. The afternoon was pleasant and several hundred spectators were present. The score:—

EAGLE.	H. L.	E.	CHAMPION.	H. L.	R.
Norton, 1st b.	3	1	Platt, p.	3	3
Hicks, c.	3	1	J. McMahon, c f.	0	3
Stevens, p.	4	2	Donnelly, 2d b.	3	3
Gaughan, 2d b.	5	1	Edwards, r f.	2	3
Fleet, c f.	2	0	Gallagher, 1st b.	3	4
Gallagher, l f.	3	2	Brown, 3d b.	2	5
Winecoti, r f.	2	3	H. McMahon, s s.	3	2
Kane, s s.	2	2	Royce, c.	3	4
Staples, 3d b.	1	4	Snow

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

[This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Closed.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues, corner Irving Place. 75c.; Dress Circle and Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 25c; Gallery, 10c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN—7th avenue, between 58th and 59th streets.—Admission, 25c. Commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Closed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—Dress or Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c.; General Admission, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commence at 1½ and 8.

KIRLEY'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50; Reserved in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 25c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 1½, and 7, commence at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Closed.

STADT THEATRE—45 and 47 Bowery, below Canal street.—Closed.

STEINWAY HALL—Fourteenth street, near 4th avenue.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Closed.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. Closed.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.—Closed.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WAVERLY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, $1; Dress Circle, 75c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, $1; Balcony, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—General admission to all parts of the house, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Children under 10, 15c. Family Circle, 25c.; General admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c.; Reserved Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1. Doors open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

F. H. Bailey,	Wm. Arlington,	C. M. Manly,
Billy Banks,	John Glenroy,	P rof. O'Reardon,
Jerome Blitz,	Greenwall Bros.	Martin Price,
Walter Bray,	D. O. Hunter,	A. R. Pellet,
George Brown,	John Holtum, 26c.,	D. K. Prescott,
Eugene Blitz,	Chas. Heywood.	T. G. Roberts,
C. Amory Bruce,	Chas. L. Howard (2),	Wm. Robinson,
Blind Tom,	Dick Hamilton,	Jas. H. Rusey,
Joe H. Childs,	Hanky Dory, with	E. O. Rogers,
J. J. Cohan,	Fitzpaugh's show.	Carl Ross,
J. H. Childers,	Henri Helcourt,	Jno. S. Robinson,
Jas. Day Mott,	E. Lyth,	Lew Simmons,
Frank P. Dobson,	Bill La Comt,	W. P. Sweatnam,
C. H. Devlin,	Wm. K. Linyard,	Jno. H. Selwyn,
Jno. Dehnert,	Andrew Leavitt,	Oscar Templeton,
Geo. Edwards (2),	Frank Leon,	James Taylor,
Tom Foote,	Geo. Leslie,	Thompson & Riggs,
Barry French,	Joe Lanzi,	Tommy Thornett,
Wellis Fenwick,	Johnny McVeigh,	Wilson & Clarke,
Chas. J. Fyffe,	Geo. McLear,	J. C. Wilder,
Joe Gaylord,	Andy McKee,	H. F. Whitmin (2)
Philip W. Greenwall,	Prof. Marino,	Henry Willard,
Jno. Gunn,	James McGuire,	Wm. Wood,
Barry Aiden,	Joe Mack,	Jno. Wild,
W. M. Allen,	Ned Stanley,	Johnny Danforth,
Thos. Ashton,	Col. A. Shane,	J. J. Grant,
Cheekhouse Bowler,	M. L. Townsend,	Harry Hatto,
W. S. Cavanagh,	Harry Enochs,	T. H. Jefferson,
Wm. Dalton,	D. C. Lane,	Johnny Howbingo,
Harry Everett,	Wm. F. Aymar,	Mahonist,
Henry Greenwall,	Rollin Dana.	Lew Williams.
Ari Holston,	Chas. Donaldson,	Mrs. J. H. Scott,
Chas. Pat Gleason,	Fanny Gilmore,	Florence Stanley,
Eloise Bridges,	Kate Gordon, 10c.,	Emma Schell,
Amy De Brent,	Edith A. Hall,	Lillie Whiting,
Lizzie E. Cooper,	Laura Keene,	Louise Wray,
Mary E. Denison,	Viola Keene Murray,	
Ada Collier,	Fanny Stocqueler,	
Mollie Fielden,	Worrell Sisters.	

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

I CANNOT SING THE SONGS SHE SUNG.

I.

I cannot sing the songs she sung—
The songs she sung in other days;
They mind me of her lightsome smile,
They mind me of her winsome ways;
My fingers linger on the keys,
The sweet words falter on my tongue—
And I, alas! since she has gone,
I cannot sing the songs she sung!
Chorus.—I cannot sing the songs she sung—
The songs she sung in other days;
They mind me of her lightsome smile—
They mind me of her winsome ways!

II.

No more she sings the songs she sung—
The songs she sung in other days,
But in that brighter, better land
Her voice attunes to hymns of praise.
She's fair—oh, she so fair,
And full of joy—so good, so young,
And I, alas! since she has gone,
I cannot sing the songs she sung!
Chorus.—I cannot sing the songs she sung—
The songs she sung in other days;
They mind me of her lightsome smile—
They mind me of her winsome ways!

J. H. B.

Introductory Overture.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

FOURTH OF JULY! Hurrah! As we write, Young America is opening the ball in their usual inflammatory manner, and what with key cannons, horse pistols, crackers, and blunderbusses, the anniversary of our natal day is to be celebrated in a style commensurate with our patriotic feelings. There are many staid and slow citizens, however, who are packing off to the country to avoid all the smoke and noise of our glorious 4th. These are but the advance guard of our army of observation soon to be seen marching to the sea.....Business of all kinds is extremely dull, even for this usually unanimated period of the year. The theatrical season of 1869-70 ended with all establishments some time since, but the more courageous of those who minister to our wants in the way of play acting are endeavoring to stem the summer torrent with miscellaneous attractions; but so far the returns have been anything but satisfactory, and some more may have to shut up for the ordinary "repairs" always required in the dog days. Some of our companies are running a spasm in the provinces, but reports intrude that impecuniosity seems to be the portion of provincials as well as metropolitans.....Ada Webb, we hear, intends starting out next season on a lecturing tour, defending the constitution of the fair sex against the mischievous machinations of the Sorosis and Woman's Rights Societies. And in this she will remind us of that other great defender of the Constitution, and make another *Webb stir*.....Talking about woman's rights, we notice that a young lady down in old K. Y. Ky, recently advertised for sealed proposals for her hand. We don't know whether she specifies to go to the highest *bidder*, but we *bid her* be cautious how she angles; a husband acquired by advertising will not be likely to live up to his contract.

.....And speaking of girls, reminds us that a report prevails that a reflection of the pretty waiter girl system has found its way into some of our churches. We are told that in several of them the "hat" is passed round for contributions by handsome young ladies, just like our pretty waiter girls pass round beer in concert and basement saloons, though this may be a base meant story. If true, it is a cunning move, a move meant to extract missies from the pockets of the lambs, which otherwise might remain secluded; when the basket is handed him by a *handsome* young girl, we will be very apt to *hand some* cash out before she departs. Another evidence of the union and harmony of church and stage..... And this underhanded device to take advantage of the infirmities of bachelordom in the sight of sweet maidenhood will no doubt occasionally result in the capture of one of these wonder-working, all-conquering hats in the connubial bonds. Let the motto of every bach hereafter be:—"No, no, no *knot* Dr Joe!" for such a knot would take all lawyers outside of Indiana a lifetime to undo. .....And while upon the subject of lawyers. "Our Jim," who has been looking over our shoulder to see what we were writing, as is his unmannerly habit, says that "if he was a lawyer he would always wear a suit of *linen* clothing, for he thinks that an attorney must always be happy when he is *entering a new suit*." We don't know, however, that they don't relish equally well more ancient duggery, as they have a *bad habit* of liking to lay their hands on *reals*!.....At our boarding house, where we occasionally sample the best imported brands, brother MacManus gave us a slight lecture on temperance the other night, just because he heard an organ man playing "Father Come Home" before the bar-room door. Among other arguments, MacManus remarked that "Pompey would be living to this day if he hadn't indulged so freely in the *crater*." "Jim" asked if he "alluded to Pompeii the great, as he always heard that he was a temperance man." "Of course I do, you *cuss* fool ought to know what Pompeii I mean." Jim evidently couldn't see it.....There is one chap in our house who is always blowing about the young American tragedian who sometimes illuminates the classic precincts of Sixth avenue. "Do *you* call him a great actor?" Jim says to him one day. "Great! Why, he's matchless." "If he's matchless," says Jim, in deep disgust, "he isn't much of a *shinin' light*."..... And talking about generalizing, we may be pardoned for saying that for a large and constantly increasing portion of our population the old stay-at-home days are over. The "poor player," or any other man, must be poor indeed who cannot afford, though it were but for a week or a fortnight, the pleasure of rusticating in some cool embowered nook, or inhaling the health-giving breezes of the shore. Once it was only the wealthy who assumed to be entitled to the run of the watering places, but now the figures of "old men," "juveniles," "walking ladies," "heavy men," and others of the stage, clerks in banks and counting rooms, etc., are familiar to the *habitues* of the seaside and interior resorts; men of limited means and unlimited leisure are also found there in heaps, and as for generals, colonels, captains and commodores, their names adorn every page of the hotel registers. Boldly be it whispered also, the *demi-monde* is by no means without its representatives, and the sporting world usually sends a full contingent, whose principal care is to see how fast they can make the money fly. Where there were but five or six fashionable places some ten years ago, the number is now quadrupled, and Cape May, Newport and Saratoga have their rivals in Long Branch and Rockaway, and Lakes George and Ronkonkoma, and Catskill, and Sharon, and many more in the interior. At some of these resorts a dozen mammoth hotels are scarce sufficient for the accommodation of the throngs that beset them, and the rustic cottages for miles surrounding are overflowed with tenants, at spanking prices. Many by reason of railway facilities transact their business in the city and live at a watering place besides. It is a cheering omen, also, that faces of the friendly Southrons begin once more to be seen in their favorite resorts, where sundered friendships are once more re-cemented. The publication of gossipy news sheets at Cape May is one of the most recent innovations, and some enterprising genius proposes, at the same time, to start a fashionable concert hall and *salon de vaudeville*. These *al fresco* retreats have their pleasures without such additions, which belong more properly to the town, but they have their drawbacks also; witness our Asmodeus, who thus relieves the fatigues of his compulsory isolation:—

PLEASURES AND PENALTIES.

The moonlight glints upon the lake,
And glows upon the azure sea,
As evening echoes thus I wake
With light guitar (confound that flea!)

This attic, which they call a room,
I scout, because it's near the sky,
But these mosquitoes buzz and hum
So fierce I scarce can close an eye;

And even could I shut them out,
Below our boarders give a hop,
And stamping feet keep music time,
'Tis half past two before they stop.

The scenery would enchanting be,
But there's no particle of shade,
And one can't leave his balcony,
Because of sunstroke he's afraid.

I seek the sea shore for a bath,
To give my roosting limbs a dab,
The cooling surf abates my wrath,
'Tis glorious fun (but d—— that crab!)

With shirt and trowsers fill'ed with sand,
And eyes with salt half blinded too,
I scramble to the firmer land
To get a brandy smash or two;

And ease my sorrows with a whiff
At one of those express cigars.
It's nifty—but here's that d—— Smiff,
My creditor—(confound my stars!)

I cannot take an evening stroll
But all the yelping dogs around
Make at me as to eat me whole,
And rend the moonlit air with sound.

If fashion did not rule the roast,
'Twere quite as well to roasted be
In one's own yard, where one can boast
At least a lone acacia tree,

And as for billiards or a ride—
The only thing one has to do—
In town I'm better satisfied,
I am, I rather think, a few!

.....'Jimmy, before we conclude this part of our entertainment, you might set the machine in order, and grind us out something appropriate to the day we celebrate." "What do you say to a rip stavin' stump speech? She's on it, you bet. I tried her once when you was away, and she rattled out the biggest words I ever seen." "Well, big words are not objectionable if they convey their meaning as well as plainer ones. We'll try her for this once, James, but be ready to man the brakes in case she gets into difficult places." "All right. Here she goes:"

4TH OF JULY STUMP SPEECH.

Ground out by "Our Jim."

When the mystified cohorts of Methuselch, in their unwise and unholy assault upon the liberty of nations, met the proud minions of Theridotus in the Pass of Thermopylae, and sent them whirling down the valley of Cheputlepec, every voice in the land sang loud hozannas to a liberated people, and vowed that—live or die, survive or perish, that mighty emblem of human rights, the American eagle, should never again be made to bite the dust of a human constituency. So, too, when Thomas Jefferson, in his Rip Van Winkle slumbers, drew up the magna charta of our pursuits and happiness, which valiantly proclaimed the independence of mankind yet unborn, who was it stood by him, and boldly asserted that human freedom must prevail? 'Twas the modest Wilkins Macawber, of turn-up renown, and the fearless Solon Shingle, who zealously "ill into the revolution." And who are these lukewarm laborers among our forests of liberty trees? Who are these beleaguered renegades of a Thu yistical decree? Are we to give up our wives and daughters to the suicidal maelstrom and rapine of tergiversated transcendentalists? Are we to supinely bow the knee of bebondial cringeality, and lay the flabby sanction on the vile decree of Mons. De Henderson and his army of amazons landed upon the verdant shores of the Zuyder Zee, and proclaimed the biblical ile of our House, who was it stood in the breeches, and defied the alluvial deposits of a hostile foe? Yes! Then let the proud banner of our country's progress float o'er these infernal excrescences of putrescent comotatuses, and say to all the world—"These are my treasures!" And another brilliant achievement in the archtraves of our national vigor we desire to briefly call your attention to. When William Tell, the hero of a thousand wars, raised the star spangled ensign upon the loftiest appenines of the Himmalyas, and bade the down-trodden freebooters of Chamouni welcome their liberator, who was it bade defiance upon the freemen of that vast Golgotha to strike for the green graves of their sires? Bow your heads as I name that great leader of a forlorn faction, the versatile Phil. Sheridan, of riding renown. Ah, fellow freemen, Judge Dowling may inveigh against the hireling crew that would sap the independence of our Police Commissioners, but without the vetoing power of Governor Hoffman, of what avail, though he gain the whole world? Ah! It has been truly said by an eminent poet, "let me make the comic songs of a nation, and I care not who rings its knell of freedom." Diogenes sought not among the purlieus of the Five Points for an honest man! And why? Let Bennett's "catacombs at the Academy of Music" be sufficient answer. And why should the disestablishment of the Irish church be a casus *belli* between two unwarlike nations? *Never!! NEVER!!! NEVER!!!* Louis Napoleon, in the laurel-crowned epoch of fundamental France, never committed a greater offence against human freedom and the rights of man than when he permitted a French yacht to rescue Captain Semmes from a watery grave, and land him safe on Albion's sea-girt isle! And to this short-sighted policy of the Man of Destiny are we, as a nation, indebted for our present alarming state of affairs on the question of the Alabama claims. So it is the world over. The "Forty Thieves" may paralyse the arms of justice by their show of legs, but who committed the Ocean Bank robbery? Too true, too true. Mourning children of the Hebrew nation, the day draweth nigh when the tree of liberty will be planted firm and sure, and no more, indeed for our present alarming state of affairs on the question of the Alabama claims. So it is the world over. The "Forty Thieves" may paralyse the arms of justice by their show of legs, but who committed the Ocean Bank robbery? Too true, too true. Mourning children of the Hebrew nation, the day draweth nigh when the tree of liberty will be planted firm and sure, and no more, indeed shall the hoof of tyranny trample on your graves, but joyful and rough shod. And there is another startling point to which your attention is directed. It is this: Beauty may perish, and States fade, but the political ring of our nation endureth forever. When Demosthenes raised his voice in the vast coliseum at Boston, and Cicero uttered those life-giving words of which have rendered his name immortal, who was it but Gilmore? Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, and in the effulgent diadem of virtuous matrons may be found the keystone of America's power and greatness. What are we coming to? Has the bloody drama that began at Bunker's Hill and ended at the Old Bowery Theatre to have no place in future story? Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute; and so say we all, from the broad and arable acres of lumbering Maine to the far-away slopes of the meandering Pacific, where the sun makes its last stand. And again—we are told that George Francis Train is a man of few words. So is John Brougham, so is Mrs. Walker, so is Gustopher Phillips, so is Anna Dickinson, but is this so much a vice that it should disfranchise these gentlemen from all participation in the enjoyment of our inalienable rights? When Herodotus fired the Ephesian dome on the ever-memorable 4th of July, did he suppose that such a simple act would hand his name down to all posterity? So, too, of Tacitum, of Socrates, of Esculapius, of Bentatus, and of Mose author of the Rogers assassination. But *sic semper tyrannis!* In a nation's glory may be found its vastnesses. The heterogeneousness and impracticableness of extemporated opinions may suit the groundlings, but the bulwarks of the nation aspire far beyond the grossnesses of impecuniated disingenuousness. And this is why our City Council keep alive the patriotic fire by discharging fireworks in our city parks. It was sagely remarked by Diogenes, in his discussion on Cuba and the Quaker city, with Julius Cæsar in the Pantheon at Rome, that nations live while dynasties expire. Then why decry the leg drama, and seek to break down the breastworks of our army of blondes? But *hic jacet!* When the mother of a dying drummer boy on the gory Flodden Field asked her son what he desired most at that dreadful moment, and the sadly watched his parched lips for the answer, he raised his eyes, and with a quiver uttered the word, "Bourbon." So it is with people of *all* nations. Behind you dark and lowering clouds the lightning's red glare paints hell on the skies; but wait, long suffering peoples, wait. Soon the clouds of darkness will be riven by the electric flashes of uncontaminated uprightness, and as the clouds are dispelled, behold the noon-day sun of our American greatness, with the words "4th of July," in colored fires, with prismatic haloes surrounding the glorious emblem of our country's dynasty. And as the gushing dawn of a new era rolls down the swooping slope of time, and the thunderbolts of man's regeneration are seen in the misty night reverberating the ethereal space, then we will view the dim vista of a retrospective chaos, when the heathen in his blindness, the soiled son of Afric's burning sands, and the imperishable utterances of a world of freemen, shorn of their shackles, will burst upon the other worlds; when ten times ten thousand millions of rejuvenated thraldom will stand upon the broad panoply of celestial splendors, and proclaim to the dark mankind, the chimeric effect of an unilluminated perenialism. But when the thrice lucid glare of our greatness, the gem of a world's regeneracy, shall stand unfettered before an attenuated concatenation of diagonal sophistries, and the mild——"Jimmy, shut her off, she's getting off the track a trifle." "She *is* shut off, this is only the escape." "Well, shut off the escape, for it is ten times worse than the other."

City Summary.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING CEREMONY took place on Tuesday evening, June 29th, in the dedication of the Masonic Lodge room, in Booth's Theatre, by the New York Lodge. In addition to one hundred and fifty brothers of the lodge being present, with beautiful insignia of the order, there was the Grand Lodge of the State of New York represented by Past Grand Master John Anthon, acting for the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master J. D. Evans, Senior Grand Warden Charles D. Brown, Junior Grand Warden Fred. Widdows, Senior Grand Deacon G. B. Solomon, Junior Grand Deacon J. McVeaney, Grand Chaplain R. C. Ireland, Grand Treasurer Abram Simms, Grand Secretary Joseph Clute, and Grand Marshall L. B. Prince. The lodge room is lofty, spacious, well ventilated, and magnificently furnished. The usual dedicatory services were gone through with, consisting of a neat speech by the Acting Grand Master; prayer by the Chaplain, singing by the brothers, and the pouring upon the symbols of corn, wine and oil. This was followed by the presentation, and the presentation of a Jules Jurgenson watch and chain, valued at $250, to Worshipful Master James R. Elsey, of New York Lodge, by the members of the lodge. The evening closed with a magnificent supper in the banquet room. Among those present, well known in the profession, were Mr. Worden, of the Worden Hotel, Dr. Charles Pancoast, John Selwyn, Thomas Hind, Mr. Finch, William Floyd, T. B. Macbonough, Mr. Gerard, and others.

A BRIEF SUMMER SEASON was commenced at the Waverley Theatre on Tuesday evening, January 29. The attraction presented consisted of Asa Cushman and wife—Minnie Jackson—in two protean sketches, a contortionist named Debra in his double-jointed twistings, the Rigi Sisters, *danseuses*; and La Petite Zoe, the female gymnast. The performances were preceded by about the worst attempt at orchestral music it has ever been our misfortune to listen to. There were about eight pieces, with a party thumping on a piano, but no director. Playing in harmony we do not believe was thought of, for each one appeared to be practicing a different composition. The agony over, what was called the laughable sketch of "Rogueries of Thomas" followed, introducing Minnie Jackson in two characters and Asa Cushman as a negro servant. No doubt the entire audience liked the piece as much as we did, for we failed to [illegible] of nonsense the "Rogueries of Thomas" can take the palm. The child artist, Zoe, appeared in a single bar trapeze act, and gave the usual tricks performed by gymnasts, but in a manner equal to the best we have witnessed in a long time. For agility we have never seen her superior, either male or female. She climbs up the ropes, and capers about as nimbly as an eel. She is a frail little thing, scarcely ten years of age, and must have gone through some pretty severe training to have become so proficient. A contortion act by Mons. Debra followed. He is a good performer, and put himself into positions that were painful to witness. Betty and Emily Rigi gave a masked *pas de deux*, but the music was so bad that it was with great difficulty they danced at all. These young ladies are first class artists, Betty being the *premiere*, while her sister assumes the male characters. The protean sketch of "The Female Genius of Versatility" was then given, with Minnie Jackson in four characters and Asa Cushman as a negro servant. This sketch, like the one that preceded it, may do for the provincial towns of England, where this couple have been for some time entertaining the natives, but it is not what is relished at a Broadway theatre. Minnie Jackson dances well, but has a very squeaky voice, and in her different changes of characters does so with only a change of dress and bonnet, not paying any attention whatever to the making up of her face. She does a break down in boy style. Asa Cushman is no doubt a good actor, but he is wasting his time when he devotes it to such pieces as this. The transept flight by Zoe concluded the performance. Lolo was announced to assist, but did not appear, Mons. De Lave putting in an appearance instead. Zoe ascended a raised platform, and, grasping the swinging rings, swung off, and, as she reached mid air directly over the stage, let go her hold, turned a half revolution, and was caught in the arms of Mons. De Lave, who was hanging head downwards from the trapeze. She ascended the platform again, swung off, and turning a half summersault as before, caught a rope suspended from over the stage. She did the act remarkably well, and is a most daring and graceful female gymnast for one of such tender years.

CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE has not yet settled his little differences with Commodore Fiske, Jr., of the Grand Opera House. Mr. Tayleure is busily engaged writing a play of a sensational order. His dramatization of "East Lynne," which established the reputation of Lucille Western, is a specimen of his handiwork.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is fast recovering from her late severe spell of sickness, and is able to be up. She requests us to deny the rumor that has been current the past two weeks that she has been paralyzed, and states that she will be prepared to fulfil all engagements made for the coming season.

LYDIA THOMPSON was obliged to withdraw from the stage at Niblo's on June 28th, and her *role* in "Sinbad the Sailor" was sustained by Miss Weathersbee, who succeeded in making a decided sensation, and filling the *role* equally as well as Lydia filled it.

AN ELEPHANT.—Mr. Henderson, copartner with Lydia Thompson in the "Burlesque Troupe," and the importer of the Lauri Family, experiences some difficulty in his efforts to obtain an opening for the latter party since their failure at Wallack's Theatre. He tried to alternate performances with the G. L. Fox troupe, but Manager Duff, of the Olympic, couldn't see it. He then tried to induce Charley White to speculate with them at the Theatre Comique, but Charles declined.

CHARLEY WHITE will commence his regular season at the Theatre Comique, the latter part of August, with a legitimate dramatic company. He has already secured Lizzie Willmore, who will shortly return from England; also other first class artists in the dramatic world. While it is Mr. White's intention to run the legitimate drama, he will be prepared at all times to negotiate with anything of an attraction in the way of novelty.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" is *not* the opening piece at the Olympic Theatre for the commencement of the regular fall season, as has been announced by several of the city papers. Although we are not liberty to divulge its title at present, suffice it to say that it will be an old piece that has not been played for some time. Asa Cushman will play the leading *role*.

F. C. BANGS has been the manager of the coming regular season at the Grand Opera House.

LIZZIE PRICE has been offered $125 a week salary by Palmer and Jarrett to play Arrah Meelish in "Arrah Na Pogue" at Niblo's Garden, which she has refused, as she is re-engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the coming season.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH arrived in this city on June 30th from Philadelphia. John is on the lookout for some attraction to play at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, previous to the commencement of the regular season.

JOHN S. CLARKE, the American comedian, who has been in London for a long time, will shortly return home to play a star engagements through the country this fall.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS CLINE, at present in this city, have been secured by William Floyd for the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, the coming season. Mrs. Cline is said to possess a powerful voice, and is a thorough musician.

JAMES F. SHERRY is at present in this city, passing the summer, and arranging for the coming traveling season.

"OLIVER TWIST" will be presented at the Grand Opera House on July 5th, with Lucille Western in her truly powerful performance of Nancy Sykes, which was too much for the Saints of Salt Lake City and Brigham Young, by whom she was not allowed to give it. McKee Rankin will appear as Fagin the Jew, in the performance of which Mr. Rankin has no superior on the American stage. He played this character two years ago in this city, at the Broadway Theatre, and made a decided sensation. Fanny Prestige, late of the Lauri Troupe, at Wallack's, has shaken burlesque and pantomime from her skirts, and dons the breeches, playing poor Oliver Twist.

THE COMPANY from Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, who have been playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the past two weeks, change their base on the 5th inst. to Wallack's Theatre, continuing their performance of "Dora" and "Black Eyed Susan." This is one of the most enjoyable entertainments at present offered in the city. "Dora" is a beautiful play, while Stuart Robson, in the burlesque, is a host in himself.

THE GREENWALL BROTHERS arrived in this city, from the South, on June 29th.

J. WILLIAM HOLSTON, the English actor who made a favorable impression in this city two seasons ago, proposes to return to the States from England the first week in August.

DOMINICK MURRAY arrived here, from England, on June 28th.

THE WORRELL SISTERS—Sophie and Jennie—are at their summer retreat, Great Neck, Long Island, preparing for the fall season. Irene is in this city.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS have closed an engagement to play in San Francisco, Cal., with Barret and McCullough.

"THE WANDERING JEW" was presented at Wood's Museum, on June 28th, with a very good cast. The drama follows the novel pretty closely, and introduces the principal points of the story. It was well placed upon the stage, capitally acted, and elicited considerable applause. The attendance was pretty good on the opening night, and continued fair throughout the week. E. Eddy was said to be the star of the evening, but he did not have the best part, for that was given to W. H. Wilder, who is a capital actor. He played the *role* of Rodin in a manner that at once stamped him a thorough artist. His make-up was excellent, and throughout the piece he was the feature of the performance. Eddy's make-up for Ahasuerus, an old soldier of France, was capital. He acted with considerable spirit. Sam Ryan was funny as Gringaret. Mrs. D. Myron is a good actress, and played the volatile Cephise with great vivacity. Jennie Carrol, as the hunchback, was also good. Taken on the whole the performance was a satisfactory one, but rather long for warm evenings.

ASA CUSHMAN, lately arrived from England, and at present at the Waverley Theatre, has been engaged as stage manager for the Olympic Theatre next season.

BEN DE BAR, who is at present in this city securing talent for his St. Louis and New Orleans Theatres, returns home the latter part of next week. He has closed with Lotta, Edwin Adams, the Williamses and the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

EDWIN ADAMS' engagement at Booth's Theatre is fast drawing to a close. He returns to the starring business next season. He has closed for four weeks with Maguire in San Francisco, Cal., to commence there in October.

SIG. BRANDISI, who was compelled to leave Haverly's Minstrel's in Trenton, N. J., on June 30th in consequence of ill health, is at present in this city under the doctor's hands.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE continues open, with the Mercer Simpson Burlesque and Pantomime Troupe, and Joe Emmett as the attractions. During the week "Meg's Diversion" was given, with Claude Hamilton as Ashley Merton, Joseph Irving as Jasper, Belle Hewitt as Cornelia, and Bessie Foote as Meg. The medley was fairly performed. Bessie Foote is too affectatious to be pleasing. This was followed by Joseph Emmett in his act called 'the Dutch Orpheus," during which he performs on the clarionet, violin, cornet, harmonicon, bagpipes, snare drum, banjo, with song, and finishes with "Home Sweet Home," with variations on the harmonicon. He plays all these in a pleasing manner. His song called "Thomas Cat," sung on the 1st inst., while playing on the banjo, might be omitted in future. The words are not suitable for a lady audience to listen to. Charles Abbott, the clown of the Simpson Troupe, appeared in a trick act with chairs and ladders, and did remarkably well. He is wonderfully active, and one of the best clowns we have seen. He is now in his true element, while as clown in pantomime he does not appear to so great advantage.

LEFFINGWELL has bought the right of playing Craven's three act comedy of "Billiards," and will play it throughout the country the coming season. This piece was originally written by Craven for E. A. Sothern, but owing to some misunderstanding he did not take it. We believe it was never played in England, but was produced during the past season at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston.

SIG. BRINDISI has been engaged for for Bryants' Minstrels for next season.

"SINBAD THE SAILOR," in a reconstructed form, will be presented at Niblo's Garden on Monday evening, July 5th. A scene will be introduced for the Lauri Family of pantomimists, Sinbad's Cabin. The Lauris are another English importation, who has been playing with the Lauri Troupe, also appears. Lydia Thompson, it is thought, will be able to re-appear on this occasion, also Becket, who has been off duty all the week in consequence of sickness. The Clodoche Troupe will continue the feature of the entertainment. Business has been quite bad of late, and it is thought that this change and combination will pull up the receipts.

JOSEPH FOSTER, well known in the profession as one of the best "producers" of the spectacular drama, has just completed a drama of that kind, called the "Seven Temptations," and it was delivered to the management of Niblo's Garden on the 1st inst. for reading. If it proves all right, he will probably follow up "Arrah Na Pogue."

SANGALLI, the *premier danseuse* at the Olympic Theatre, where she has been for a long time an acknowledged favorite, closes her engagement there on July 24th, and goes to Saratoga for four weeks to recuperate.

G. L. FOX, the American clown, remains master of the situation, having, in spite of all opposition in the way of showing, been brought across the water by Le Blanc for the purpose of showing what English pantomime was—come out victorious, and not only compelled all others to close up, but with quite a loss of money. Excepting the Lydia Thompson Troupe—and their early success was due to the free exhibition of legs—not one of the imported pantomime or burlesque troupes has met with encouragement. American pantomime continues to reign supreme, and G. L. Fox is in his glory. "Hickory Dickory Dock" will hold the boards at the Olympic until the commencement of the dramatic season, which will be early in September. There was a slight improvement in the attendance at the Olympic the past week, as several of the evenings were cool.

LITTLE MAC appeared with Bryants' Minstrels, on June 28th, in his dance of the "Essence," also as Highlowjack, in the Ethiopian sketch of "True Love Never Did Run Smooth," and as the "Monk" in "Ici On Parle Francais." His reception was quite enthusiastic, and he was the recipient of several *encores*. Dave Reed and Dan Bryant occupied the ends in the first part.

THE MANAGEMENT of Niblo's Garden are negotiating with Rose Eytinge to play Arrah Meelish in "Arrah-na-Pogue."

DAN BRYANT is negotiating for the Waverley Theatre.

MR. MITCHELL, who had secured the "Catacombs"—Academy of Music—for a season of Italian Opera this [illegible] and the idea, and remains in London.

NOTHING in the way of altering the auditorium of the Tammany has as yet been done. The Tammany Society hold a pow-wow there on Monday, July 5th, in the lower room and the theatre proper, and on the 6th workmen at once commence the proposed improvements, preparatory to opening the season late in August.

R. EDDY continues his engagement at Wood's Museum, with the "Wandering Jew" as the attraction.

"ENOCH ARDEN," so beautifully played and placed upon the stage at Booth's Theatre, will continue on the bills for the present. A *matinee* will be given on Monday, July 5th.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS commence a dramatic season at the Theatre Comique on July 12th, opening in "Caught at Last."

BILLY BIRCH has been suffering with neuralgia for the past two weeks.

AUGUSTUS PEIXOTTO, manager of the Richings English Opera Troupe, is at present in this city, and will remain here for a week, prepared to arrange with managers for the coming season.

WILLIAM NIBLO sailed for England on June 30th.

DICKIE LINGARD sails for England on July 7th.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, during the vacation, will be freshly painted and carpeted, and re-open the last week in August for the regular season. In addition to the already funny department of this troupe, some first class singers will appear, it being the intention of the management to make a feature of the vocal part of the show.

J. J. SHERIDAN, known as the co-partner of Sheridan and Mack, double song and dance men, was married here on Sunday evening, June 27th, to a lady of this city.

Dramatic.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, we are advised by our correspondent, "C. de L.," under date of June 29th, as follows:—"At the Metropolitan Theatre, the new season opened last Saturday evening with 'Richard the Third,' Mr. Neil Warner as Richard, who made a favorable impression. Mrs. Sophie appeared as Lady Anne, Mrs. Chas. Poole as Queen Elizabeth, and Vinson as King Henry..... At the New California Theatre, 'As You Like It' was not produced on Monday evening, as announced, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Melville. It was brought out Wednesday, and Miss Viola Crocker appeared as Celia, the part intended for Melville. She acquitted herself creditably, thus proving that her failure at her *debut* was owing to the indiscrimination of the management in giving to her a part unsuited for her. The comedy was brought out in a capital manner, and went off smoothly, and to the entire satisfaction of large audiences. 'Macbeth' was produced on Saturday, with McCullough as Macbeth, and Charlotte Thompson as Lady Macbeth, in which *role* she failed—heavy characters being as foreign to her talent as clear weather to California in June. 'School' will be produced this evening..... Maguire's Opera House is crowded nightly. The Minstrel troupe, including Murphy, Mack, Cotton, Thompson and Jackson, can vie with any in the Union. A new extravaganza, by Johnny Mack, entitled 'Little Boy Blue,' will be brought out to-night. .....The Alhambra has passed into the hands of Mr. Wm. H. Smith, who will open a new season in the course of a week..... Tony Pastor's Opera House has secured Add Weaver, Rattler and DeAngelis, and will, no doubt, coin money by the operation..... Mr. Wm. H. L. Barnes, a well known lawyer, will appear at the new California Theatre during the coming week as Elliot Gray, in 'Rosedale,' for the benefit of the Mercantile Library, which institution being in want of funds. Brave young hero! ..... undertake a *role* in which Forrest made such a hit!..... Henry Squires and Lucy Escott will give a farewell concert next Wednesday, pr

been issued. During the year the revenue from rent of the Academy for public purposes was $37,185, and the aggregate available amount in the treasury is $49,929.06. Of this sum, the amount paid for fixtures, ground rents, wages, gas, fuel and other regular working expenses was $18,145.36; and $5,344.93 was paid for scenery, additions, alterations and repairs. The house is insured for $126,500, which is not half its actual value. Two ground rents on the ground occupied by the building were paid off and extinguished during the year, amounting to $17,622.70, leaving one ground rent, the principal of which is $7,500, remaining, which will be paid off this year. The lettings of the house during the year were 252, of which 105 were for operatic and dramatic representations. When the last ground rent shall have been paid off the institution will be free from debt. As regards prospects ahead, the report says:—"The house has been let for two weeks in September to the Richings troupe, for two weeks in October to the Parepa-Rosa troupe, and for four weeks in November to a French company, for the production of grand and light operas, making for all eight weeks of opera prior to the first of December next, and the prospects are favorable for a good supply of operatic and dramatic representations during the winter and spring months."

BLIND (?) THOMAS was in Hannibal, Mo., June 28th and 29th; Keokuk, Iowa, 30th, July 1st, and was to go thence to Burlington, 2d and 3d, and so on up to St. Paul, Minn.

MISS SUSAN GALTON'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE are announced to commence at the New Sea Breeze Opera House, Cape May, on Tuesday evening, August 3d. Their opening opera is to be "Florette the Cricket."

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE is being re-organized for 1869-70, and persons wishing to negotiate should address A. S. Pennoyer, as per advertisement.

STODARE, who is traveling through the west as a magician, is an assumed name. He is better known as Mazzoni.

Variety Halls.

OUR CORRESPONDENT, in Cincinnati, reports business in the town of Pork as having brushed up a little at some of the halls. "At the Race Street Theatre Nellie Whitney has proved a trump card and has drawn well. She seems to have more versatility, in the way of songs and dances, than most of the men even. During her first week she appeared as the 'Active Girl' and in another song and dance. This week she has given the character act, 'My Father Sold Charcoal,' and 'Josephus Orange Blossom,' besides ballads in the first part. The establishment is quite strong in females, Addie Sprague, Helene, Leoline and Annie Florence being still here. Harris appeared in his specialty, written for him, 'Rosy Gray, the Washerwoman.'.....At the Oxford Music Hall, the feature of the week was the burlesque of 'The Field of the Cloth of Silver,' which was pretty fairly given. There were no changes in the company, save that Minnie Clark had quit, till Thursday night, when Johnny Kegen was billed to appear. His *forte* seems to be clogging, and songs and dances.....At the New York Theatre, the only thing new was the appearance of Minnie Clark, on Monday evening. She is quite a stranger to that end of town.....Yale's opened the week to a pretty fair biz. Frank Carleton re-appeared on Monday evening, and will now probably remain a while. Nellie Taylor is expected here next (this) week from St. Louis.....Leonora Creed has gone to Iowa with a traveling troupe.....During the spring and winter it has been the custom to have varied performances on Sunday evenings in the German portion of the city, known locally as 'over the Rhine.' The down town performers did not scruple to turn an honest penny, by catering to the taste for these entertainments. If the Teutons couldn't understand nigger talk, they seemed to enjoy themselves equally as well as if they could. However, last week the mayor interfered and stopped the business, to the intense disgust of 'the boys,' and the Dutch too."

A CANTATRICE AND DANSEUSE is wanted for Mozart Concert Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., by Frank Engel. See his advertisement for address, etc.

MISS SUSIE STARR, a star in the terpsichorean firmament, and Eugene F. Gorman, general performer, solicit engagements through a card in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER.

WILD'S VARIETIES, Buffalo, N. Y., is said to be as popular as ever. Mlle. Dulin and Master Willie have been added to the company. Mlle. Dulin is a good dancer, and never fails to receive a double *encore*.

EMMA FORRESTELL, the female contortionist, was at the Opera House, White Pine, Nevada, at last advices. The Pixley Sisters and Miss Josephine are also there.

MLLE. RONZATI took a benefit in St. Louis, on June 25th, at the Varieties. A correspondent says:—"She gave, in addition to the regular programme, a comic polka, composed by herself—it took well and received an *encore*. Among the presents she received that evening were a beautiful gold medal, some fine bracelets, a fine basket of flowers and a pair of snow white doves. The programme this week has been a fine one. It commenced with 'The Darkey Intruder,' by Powers, Pasch and Muirs, followed by Ophelia Sisters' *pas seul*, and this turn by Lilly Howard's vocal gems. 'Opera vs. Tragedy' was well rendered by the corkonians' Campbell and Shelby; Susie Starr followed this in a fancy dance and was well received. Pasch's banjo solo came next, and was followed by Ronzati's composition, 'Captain Jinks' medley, which was well rendered by Ronzati and Misses Nagel and Parker—it *encored* nightly—Miss Nagel also gave 'L'Ariel.' The finishing of the olio has been Powers and Campbell's song and dance, 'Love Among the Roses,' and, being called loudly for, gave as *encores* 'Sweeter than the Sweetest,' and the usual walk round. Alice Siedler, it is said, jumped her engagement on June 27th, her name being on the programme. The '40 Thieves' ran till June 30th and was replaced on the 3d with Shelby's Parisian burlesta, 'A Day and Night in Paris.' Shaw's burlesque of '1969' is to be produced shortly."

Negro Minstrelsy.

SIGNOR EUGENE, an English bone soloist, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

BUCKLEY'S AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS performed in Newark, N. J., lately, and by the returns on the books of the Revenue Collector, we learn that the former company took $469 and the latter $127.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS have started on a tour through Pennsylvania, with the company considerably reduced in numbers, as business has been pretty bad of late. Charley Pettengill left the company at Washington, and is at present in this city.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS open at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Monday evening, the 12th. Billy Rice seems to be their principal card. The Emmerson and Manning's party had an extraordinary successful season, and the Newcombs will probably do as well.

SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS play in Providence, R. I., 6th; Pawtucket, 7th, and open in Boston on the 12th, for six weeks, at the Morris Brothers' Opera House.

THE MINSTREL COMPANY called "Kelly and Leon's" were announced to close in Baltimore, Md., on July 3d. Our correspondent says:—"Several new and interesting features have been introduced during the week, such as the sketches of a 'Theatrical Agency,' 'German Saengerfest,' 'Defeat of the Red Stockings,' &c. The troupe had two valuable acquisitions recently, in A.J. Talbot and Jerry Cohan. Geo. Kunkie has appeared on several occasions, singing his popular ballads. Bernardo, the *prima donna*, takes as well in 'Five Minutes at the Italian Opera,' with A. J. Talbot as the manager. Jerry Cohan's 'Lively Rootback' is first rate. J. Quelch in his harp solos is a favorite; his selections are artistically rendered an i heartily applauded. On July 2d, a complimentary testimonial was given to A. J. Talbot, when he was to shoot an apple from a man's head with a pistol. Taken on an average, the troupe has done a pretty fair business.....I understand that Jerry Cohan's Minstrels will play a second engagement this season at the Concordia Opera House, in the month of August.....The Georgia Minstrels are playing an engagement at Front Street Theatre, under John T. Ford's management. They are thoroughbred Ethiopes, and their audiences, like paintings, represent mingled lights and shades. They are drawing only fair houses, whilst at the same time they give a very good entertainment. Coming from (as I understand) a Georgia plantation, of course negro life there is most faithfully and naturally exhibited by them. In the first part some excellent singing is rendered, and their jokes are first rate. In the olio, the song and dance by Alf. Smith is well done, and the double trapeze act of the Torres Brothers is a feature in the programme. The stump speech of Charles Sticks is quaint, and exceedingly humorous, and the ballads of H. B. Johnson, and banjo solo of H. Little were *encored*. The whole concludes with the 'Grand Duchesse.'"

W. H RICE, impersonator of female characters in the minstrel business, came very near pegging out on June 25th. He was in Washington, D. C., with Haverly's Minstrels; on the 25th he was sunstruck, and for twenty-four hours lay in a critical condition. He is all right now, and is in this city. He has been secured for Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, for next season. He has been in this city with the San Francisco Minstrels four years.

CARNCROSS AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS commence their next season in Philadelphia, on August 24th.

THE CONGO MINSTREL AND VARIETY TROUPE have started for a summer tour, with Joe Williams as business manager, and Joe Sands as advance agent. They were to be in Newark, July 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th; Troy, 9th and 10th; Connecticut, 14th and 15th. In the organization are Ned Wambold, Dick Borden, Billy Carroll, Dave Warden, Geo. B. Gibbs, Leon Deberger, Johnny Horn, Denny Queen, J. Connolly, C. B. Prendergast, J. A. Hunt, Master George, Jim Stanford, Young Quigley, Ed. Egan, Johnny Holmes, Maggie Taylor, Jenny Blake, Kate Daly, Nelly Jamieson, Harry Weston and Charley Egan. Mr. E. Leburt is musical director, and Ned Wambold is stage manager.

THE BANKER AND POLAND MINSTRELS are traveling through the South. They were in Columbia, S. C., June 28th, and were to go thence through North Carolina to Danville, and open in Richmond, Va., on the 15th.

HORN AND BLOODGOOD'S COMBINATION shows at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 8th and 9th inst.

Circuses.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is billed ahead as follows—South Abington, Mass., 7th; Plymouth, 8th; Hingham, 9th; Roxbury, 10th, and Boston, 12th, for one week.

STICKNEY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS was in Brattleboro, Vt., June 29th; Northampton, Mass., 30th; and was to go thence to Holyoke, July 1st; Chicopee, 2d; Springfield, 3d, and will be in Hartford, Conn., on the 5th. Sallie Stickney having returned to America from a lengthy tour abroad, joined this concern at Augusta, Me.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS was to be in Hoosick Falls, Mass., on the 2d, and go thence to North Adams, Mass., 3d; Pittsfield, 5th; Great Barrington, 6th; Lee, 7th; Huntington, 8th; Westfield, 9th, and Springfield, 10th.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE is billed for Fon du Lac, Wis., July 3d and 5th.

CAMPBELL'S CIRCUS gave two exhibitions in Jersey City, lately, the receipts of which, according to the revenue returns, were $1,230.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS is billed to show in Ogden City, Utah, on July 5th. A correspondent says:—"The agent for another circus company, with the Orrin and Sebastian Family announced as the attractions, came along and had posters pasted underneath the pictorial bills of the Castello Show, and upon bill boards erected by the agent of the Castello show. The impression upon the public was that it was all one concern, and when the opposition party came they did an immense business by this way of advertising themselves."

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS was billed for St. Paul on the first day of July.

GARDNER & KENYON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, with James Robinson and his son Clarence, as the main attractions, are advertised to show in Toledo, Ohio, July 5th, giving three performances at 10, 2 and 7. They have billed the city in a manner far ahead of any other troupe which has visited Toledo this season, so our correspondent, "Local," writes.

AMES thinks of taking wheels when the concern arrives in Alexandria, Va. Wm. Wilson and Bell are together at present. Wilson fell lately in Charleston, and cut his face badly by striking on the chandelier. The Holland Family have left this show to spend the summer on their farm.

A PORTION of Lake's Circus reached St. Louis, Mo., on June 27th, but the concern does not open there until July 12th.

LEE AND RYLAND'S CIRCUS is in White Pine, Nevada Districts.

GARDNER AND KENYON'S MENAGERIE is posted in Detroit, Mich., for July 9th and 10th.

"A TALE WITH A LION TAMER."—From a Charleston, S. C., exchange, we quote the following article with the above caption:—"A lion tamer named Lengel was severely bitten in the leg by a lioness in Charleston, S. C., in April, and is still disabled in consequence of the wound. We found Mr. Lengel lying down reading, not suffering much, but very restless. He is apparently about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, but is really ten years older. He told us that he is a native of Philadelphia, and has been engaged in the lion taming business for eighteen years, during which time he has served in the circuses of J. M. June, S. B. Howe, Phineas T. Barnum, Haight and Chambers, Van Amburgh, Raymond & Co., Castello and Ames, the latter of which he is with at present. June is dead, Howe and Barnum have quit the business. Haight and Chambers failed in Texas two years ago. Haight and Castello are now 'showing' in California. In answer to a question as to his manner of taming lions, he replied at length, saying that 'it was a gift of nature' with him. 'I have no fear of them. People tell me, every time I get a wound, that it ought to be a warning to me, and should make me fear to go in the cage again. But it does not. When I am away from the lions I get homesick, and when I can go where they are and my wounds prevent me from going into the cage, I get more homesick still. I never met any lions I could not tame. Three years ago I tamed five in New York, which, while in Europe, had killed one man and badly mangled another who had attempted to tame them. In three weeks after they were put in my charge they were as tame as I wished, though before they were considered untameable. I very seldom use force in taming them, but sometimes it becomes necessary—kindness is my usual plan; I am always careful to keep my eye upon them. Every one who has seen the lion tamer leaving the cage after his feat of lying down among the lions, putting his feet on their heads, feeding them, and firing off pistols, has doubtless noticed how careful he was—stepping out backwards very deliberately, and watching closely the beasts which always advanced upon him. In speaking of this he said:—'If I did not keep my eye upon them they would jump at me. They have sense enough to know that I am retreating from them, and they gain courage; there is more danger to me at this time than at any other. If the lions were at liberty, I would fear to go near them. Some people think that a lion born in America is more docile, partaking less of the savage nature of the brute, than one born in Africa or Asia. Not so. I would rather have to tame a litter born in either of the last two mentioned places than a litter born in this country—the latter are more dangerous and less easily tamed.' Mr. Lengel has been bitten a number of times by lions, lionesses we should have said, as the males have never done so. 'The lionesses,' said he, 'are more treacherous and deceitful than the lions.' He has been slightly scratched an almost innumerable number of times. He has never had to lay up but twice from his wounds. The first wound was a bite in the left leg, in Western Pennsylvania, while with Barnum's Circus. The second was received while with S. B. Howe & Co., in Augusta, Ga., being severely bitten in the left hand. This wound caused him to lose the use of his middle finger. The third was inflicted at Little Rock, Ark., by a lioness in Howe & Castello's Circus. This time two fingers of the right hand were mangled. He has full use of them now. The fourth was received while in Madison, Indiana, last summer. The lioness seized him by the right leg, driving her teeth into the calf of his leg until they nearly met. The fifth was received last April in New Orleans. The animal seized him by the left leg, inserting one tooth of the lower jaw an inch and a half into the calf, and a tooth of the upper jaw the same depth into the upper side of the knee joint. Mr. Lengel was confined to his bed awhile, but when the circus moved he came along and gave two exhibitions, one in Augusta and one in Savannah, the latter of which he says is a paradise for a circus. Arriving here he made arrangements to perform last Wednesday, but his leg swelling him, he consulted Dr. F. M. Robertson, who ordered him to bed at once, telling him that the bone of the leg was injured. This order was obeyed, and Mr. Lengel still remains in bed. He is able, however, to travel about the room occasionally. It is somewhat of a coincidence that Dr. Robertson has attended his patient on two other occasions, at the Pavilion Hotel, for wounds received from lionesses—all of the wounds being on the left side of the body. Herr Lengel does not think he was bitten but once intentionally. He says the lionesses when together never meet, but they snarl and snap at each other—two of them never live peacefully in the same cage—and states it as his opinion that, with the exception mentioned, when he aggravated one beyond endurance, he was in the way, and was bitten for one of the lionesses. He has the teeth and claws of the lioness which he thinks bit him purposely. The teeth are an inch and a half long, with a root about two and a half inches in length. If the teeth were driven in flesh up to the gums, a large-sized peach stone could be planted in the hole. The claws, which the animal, like the cat, keeps unexposed till wanted, are formidable-looking objects. We do not now doubt, as we once did, the assertions of travelers, that one blow from a lion's paw would kill a man or tear out great masses of flesh. Herr Lengel says he fears their claws more than their teeth; that they generally strike before they bite. Herr Lengel will have to remain here about ten days longer, after which it is probable he will be able to rejoin his company."

"THE GREAT 4-PAW MASTODON," Forepaugh's Menagerie and Circus, exhibit at Fond Du Lac, Wis., on Saturday, July 3d, giving three performances on that day, going from there to Oshkosh, and remaining in the state during the month of July. Mrs. Aymar, wife of Wm. F. Aymar, has left the company, and is at present in New York among her friends.

ELIZA KENYON, wife of Charley Kenyon, with James Robinson's Circus, met with an accident at Alleghany city recently, in jumping through a balloon, and she has been laid up ever since.

AT AKRON, O., June 25th, James Robinson's Circus turned away hundreds who were unable to gain admission.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE exhibits in Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday and Tuesday, July 5th and 6th.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS is in Maine, bound for the British Provinces. This show intends to make a season in the south during the coming winter.

LUCILLE WATSON, who has been traveling with J. M. French's Circus, recently gave birth to a child, leaving French minus a rider.

G. G. GRADY'S CIRCUS sports "the only female clown in the world." The show is in Northern Illinois.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS will exhibit in Virginia during the coming month of August.

THE RUMOR which has been circulated in this city that Geo. Brown, the celebrated ground tumbler, with Forepaugh's Circus, had broken his neck in turning a knee somersault, is false, as no such accident occurred.

MILES ORTON'S CIRCUS was to be in Waverly, Iowa, on July 1st, and Waterloo 3d. George Nixon, contortionist, joined the show on June 18th, at Manchester. The concern, it is thought, will go into TEXAS for the winter.

NORTH'S CIRCUS is now traveling through Michigan. They have had bad weather the past week. Owing to a storm on June 27th, they did not get through in time to give the afternoon show at Owosso.

PACIFIC RAILROAD CIRCUS.—The following letter from G. F. Ormin, of the above circus, may not be uninteresting to the general reader, as well as the circus profession:—

SALT LAKE CITY, June 22d, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I arrived in San Francisco on the 30th ult., from Panama, and, getting the White Pine fever started off for that country immediately, leaving Frisco on the 2d inst; so you will see I did not lose much time. We travel on the great Pacific Railroad, and have performed at the following places:—Rocklin, June 3d; Truckee, 4th; Reno, Nevada, 5th; Winnemucca, 7th; Carlin, 9th and 10th; Elko, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. These are all new towns, sprung up since the commencement of the railroad. They all have a strange appearance—mostly canvas houses or tents, very few wooden ones. All these places have a certain number of Chinese located on the outskirts, living in small huts, and some of them in houses built on the old bodies of cars. It is a curious sight to see and hear them talk. In Carlin, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office is in a canvas house, with a drinking shop in the front part. The agent told me they were only waiting until the wooden building was finished. Everybody seems busy putting up new houses. These places spring up like mushrooms. Good hotels at each place where the cars stop, and living very good; meals one dollar in coin. From Elko, in stages, it is fifteen hours to White Pine, to which place we postponed going, hearing that the Dan Castello show was on the way to Salt Lake City, where we intended going. We took cars for Ogden, 230 miles, and there stayed 140 more, which brought us here on the 17th inst. Had a good time on the way, having a special train and a good natured conductor, who stopped the train and gave us time to bathe in the much talked about Salt Lake, which was quite close to the track, and a rare treat to us all. Upon arriving here we found the city full of circus bills and big pictorials of both companies, and the Hawson troupe playing at the theatre, with Hanlo's underfoot. Visited there the night we arrived; house rather poor, but I believe the company has been doing well—expect the excitement of the circus bills hurt them considerably. We opened on the 18th inst. the other show to open, performing for one week, to the 28th. We give our fifth and last performance to-night—business first rate—and leave to-morrow for the White Pines, making four stands on the way, and open in Hamilton on the glorious Fourth of July, where I will pass a day or two at Austin. This is a nice place, very clean and healthy. I went to the tabernacle on Sunday, and heard a fine sermon preached by Elder John Taylor, but was greatly disappointed in not hearing *President* Brigham Young, who was out in the country. I inclose you his photograph, with a few views of different parts of the city. Indians are to be seen walking about the city at all times, many of them speaking fine English. We had some of them in our canvas last night, so we performed the Indian act, just to please them, and when the dog ran in to catch the coon, you ought to have heard them scream and laugh.

At Promptory I cut you a piece of the last tier of the great railroad meeting, which I inclose. We stopped there two hours to change cars, &c. Yours truly, GEO. F. ORMIN.

Great Pacific Railroad Circus, Orrin and Miller, proprietors. [Photograph and wood received. Thank you.—ED. CLIP.]

Miscellaneous.

A SERIES OF VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS were given at the rink, Newark, N. J., the past week, and drew fair houses each night. Among the performers were Charlie Howard, negro comedian; Jim Roome, banjoist; Dan Morris, comedian; the Nelcourt Brothers, gymnasts; Carrie Gardner, vocalist; Lottie Le Point, Rose Morris, and Maggie Willet.

HARTZ was, at last advices, at the Salt Lake City Theatre, where he was doing a good business. He was announced to open in Omaha, on June 28th, and then work his way east.

P. T. BARNUM is at his sea side place, at Bridgeport, Conn., engaged in completing his autobiography.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS appeared in Providence, R. I., on June 28th, in the exhibition of Spiritual Manifestations.

PROFESSOR EVERETT, prestidigitator and illusionist, performed all last week at Odd Fellows' Hall, Newport, Ky. One of his inducements is the distribution of presents.

J. W. MORTON, song and dance man and general performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

BURNHAM AND QUEEN'S GIFT EXHIBITION will be at Quincy, Mass., July 5th.

D. K. PRESCOTT has been doing a big business with the double headed girl, we understand; his receipts from May 10th to June 26th were $12,686.92, we are informed. He closes a three weeks' engagement at the Tremont Temple, Boston, this week, after which he visits the principal cities in the east and goes into the provinces and Canada.

AMES, sometimes known as Norwood the Magician, opens in East Liberty, Pa., on July 12th, for three nights, and Johnstown 19th, for one week. James M. Russell, the ticket agent, is his assistant.

MORE AND BLOODGOOD'S COMBINATION appear in Bridgeport, Conn., on the 6th.

SHOWMEN, agents and managers intending to visit Providence, R. I., and vicinity, and wishing to have their entertainments thoroughly advertised, should clip W. K. Logee's card from the CLIPPER for reference.

T. W. MURRAY'S PANORAMA was in White Pine, Nevada on June 23d.

W. T. HAMAR advertises in the CLIPPER that he is prepared to furnish calcium lights, etc.

A. S. SEER makes the printing of tickets for reserved seats a specialty. See advertisement.

ROBERT NICKLE opened at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, on the 26th June, to a good house, but the past week he performed to rather small houses; he deserves much better, for he is one of the most clever artists that has appeared there, his "Indian Basket Trick" and the "Growth of Flowers" exciting general admiration. He closed on the 3d.

Foreign Show News.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—A correspondent, at Melbourne, sends us the following summary of news, under date of April 24th, '69.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The month of March found the places of amusement in this city doing very good business. At the Theatre Royal, "After Dark," with new scenery by Mr. John Hennings, has been very attractive. The character of Dicey Morris was well played by Mr. G. H. Rogers; the rest of the cast was good. J. B. Steele was Old Tom; Ireland, Sir George Medhurst; H. Sefton, Gordon Chumley; John Dunn, Crumpets; R. Stewart, Area Jack; Miss Adelaide Bowring (Mrs. J. B. Steele) played the heroine very effectively, and Mrs. Greville, as Rose Egerton, made the most of a very small part. Mr. Greville is stage manager of this house now, and, as you have no doubt heard long since, George Coppin is associated with Messrs. Harwood, Stewart & Hennings in the management. Mr. Harwood went by mail steamer some two months ago to England in search of new talent for these colonies. On the withdrawal of "After Dark," a new historical burlesque, by our local author, Mr. W. M. Akhurst, was produced, with splendid scenery and magnificent dresses. It was called "The Battle of Hastings," but after a short career it was withdrawn. It had no 'go' in it. Jokes fell flat and were fearfully far fetched. Not even the fine burlesque ass dash displayed by the sisters Dacy and Maggie, together with their clever and polished vocalization, could save it from a natural death. The arrival of Mr. Talbot was hailed with acclamation by the theatre going portion of our community. Novelty we want, and novelty we must have, but we cannot swallow trash. Having had for some time the best representatives of the English stage to amuse and entertain us, we are naturally rendered somewhat fastidious, and will not be put before us. Mr. Talbot, a very so so actor, but no star, has, unfortunately for him, to challenge comparison with Brooke, Chas. Kean, Barry Sullivan, McKean Buchanan, James Stark and Walter Montgomery, and, in my opinion, he falls short of all of them.....Mr. Barry O'Neil, who was very well known in private life here, some years back, has recently arrived from England, and appeared at the Varieties in new songs, including "Up in a Balloon, "Tommy Dodd," "Walking in the Zoo," &c., and so great was his attraction that he obtained a lucrative month's engagement at the Royal. He is now in Sidney. The Varieties is now leased by Messrs. Zeptin & Son. The company consists of Miss Annie Brawley, Miss Rebecca Jones, (lately married to Zeptin's son,) Louis Braham, Oaten, Empson, Harry Morgan, Johnny Carran and Tom Rainford. Opera de Camera and Christy Minstrel business are the chief attractions.....Madame Anna Bishop has concluded her farewell concerts in Victoria, and has left for Adelaide, to give there a short season, then by mail steamer to South-ampton; after giving a series of concerts in England, to depart for your city (New York), there to settle down in private life. Madame Bishop is accompanied by her husband, Mr. Schultze, Mr. Charles Lascelles, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, a Hobart Town tenor, and Mr. Baker, *avant courier* to the party. Mr. Greville will leave the company at the conclusion of the Adelaide engagement. Messrs. Deegers, Frank Hussey, Kelly and Holly arrived in Sydney some four weeks since from San Francisco; after giving their entertainment in that town, they came over here, and have joined Frank Weston, the well known Wizard Oil Prince, and are at present playing at Quiong and Ballarat, opening alternations at St. George's Hall, Melbourne. It will be named, I think, "Frank Weston's Opera House." The company consists of the four gentlemen already named, and T. J. Peel, jig dancer; N. Trullarde, violinist; Newton, T. Newton, Campbell, with Harry Peachman, as *avant courier*. They announce to open early in May.... Messrs. John Smith and Thomas Lenton, who some two years back brought out the Grand Dragon Troupe of Japanese Jugglers, &c., and who by their operations cleared nearly seventy thousand dollars, have dissolved partnership, but are still on most amicable terms. Mr. Lenton departs, by mail steamer to-morrow, for Yokohama direct, accompanied by Mrs. Lenton, Mr. Herbert Skelton, 'the bending boy,' and Masters John and Frank, juvenile gymnasts. Lenton is after another lot of Japs from the Isle of Corea, said to be cleverer people than any who have yet left Japan. He will travel through China and the East, prior to coming back here..... We are also to lose Mr. John Smith, the managing partner in the late firm. He goes by the May mail to London, in search of novelties for this market. He tells me that he shall visit the States, and join in at the CLIPPER, in search of old friends..... Dr. Jordan has got into full swing his Anthropological Museum and Gallery of Art, and so successful has it been that he intends erecting, at a great cost, a pile of buildings *a la* Barnum's late Museum.....The Duke of Edinburgh Theatre and the Princess' Opera House are both leased and kept closed by the managers of the Theatre Royal.....Miss Cleveland (Mrs. Chas. Vincent), and Mad. Duret and Chas. Le Lay, left Sydney for Auckland last week. The former lady, I believe, will visit the States previous to retiring from her profession..... Walter Montgomery is starring in Sydney to crowded houses. CALL BOY.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—With the exception of the opening of the Charing Cross Theatre, there is nothing worthy of note for record of the metropolitan theatres since our last. "Blow for Blow," first produced at the Holborn, has been presented at the Globe Theatre, with Lydia Foote as Mildred Craddock and Alice Petherick, as originally played by her. W. Warren made his first appearance at this house on June 14th.....J. L. Toole has been playing at the Surrey in his favorite characters..... Granville's and the Strand have the usual bouquet of "spectacular" burlesque, and the Queen's "Babil and Bijou" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" have been produced at Astley's. A morning performance of "The Battle of Waterloo" was given on June 19th.....Walt and Hope" is the title of Banton's drama, produced at the East London Theatre on June 14th. It is in three acts, the first of which the author designates the Dark Cloud, the second the Storm, and the third Sunshine. The piece is fairly developed and depends for its success upon the merits of a strong and well conceived story rather than upon a mere succession of striking incidents....."Gratitude; or, A Battle of Gold," a new drama by W. H. Pitt, has been given at the Britannia....."Of Our Cousins," a three act comedy, was produced for the first time on June 14th, at the Bijou Theatre. The story is simple, and displays occasional neatness of construction, and portions of the dialogue are sparkling and telling. Some of the characters, moreover, are well drawn, and all the more important are natural and unexaggerated.....E. A. Sothern closed at the Haymarket, on June 19th, followed on the 21st by Kate Bateman.....No change has taken place at the Adelphi, Gaiety, Queen's, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', and Standard Theatres. The St. James' is still occupied with Offenbachian music, Mdlle. Schneider and M. Dupuis.....At the Alexandra, "The Sergeant's Wife" and "The Wandering Minstrel" have been given..... "Threat for Threat," "Sarah's Young Man," a *ballet*, and "From the Streets to the Hulks" have been performed at the Grecian.

DRINKWATER MEADOWS died in Surrey, Eng., June 12th, aged seventy-five years. He made his last appearance on the stage in July, 1862, at the Princess' Theatre, London, during the farewell performances of the Keans in "Henry the Fifth."

WALTER MONTGOMERY, with Rosa Cooper, Charles Young and F. Young, have lately joined their forces to those of the Prince of Wales' Opera House, Sydney, Australia.

MR. SPILLER, a skater and comic vocalist, has been astonishing the citizens of Sydney, Australia, by his evolutions on the skates.

THE SLAVE TROUPE OF MINSTRELS, from America, are traveling through the English provinces, with Japanese Tommy as their card.

"JUAN STRENNER," a one act drama in verse, by M. Deloured, an author previously unknown, has been produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris.

SUSAN DENIN appeared as Queen Elizabeth, in the historical drama of that name, at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., on June 14th.

"LES QUATRE HENRI," an historical six act drama, has been produced at the Ambigu Comique, Paris. It is pronounced a curious jumble of historical and romantic characters and incidents. Its first act is especially bold, introducing together in one scene several of the most familiar personages of French history, almost all of whom were, in after times, to receive death at each other's hands.

THE THIRTEEN following theatres will be closed in Paris during the month of July:—Odeon, Italiens, Theatre Lyrique, Chatelet, Bouffes, Porte St. Martin, Gaite, Fantaisies Parisiennes, Menus Plaisirs, Dejazet, Delassements Comiques, Prince Imperial and Beaumarchais.

MLLE. CELINE MONTALAUD, the clever French actress, has the reputation of being the finest pistol shot in France. She practises regularly every other day at a gallery.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE at Vienna, the first stone of which was laid in 1862, has cost £600,000. There were two architects, one to superintend the construction, and the other the decorations, but neither lived to see the completion of the building; both died last year. The house is lighted by 4,000 jets of gas. The *salle* is decorated in white and gold, with red hangings, and is illuminated with 420 jets of gas and numerous candelabra.

MADAME BASTANELLA TAMANTI, who made her *debut* as a *prima donna* in Prussia, in the reign of Frederick the Great, has just died at Potsdam at the age of one hundred.

"EVE," a new play just produced at the Adelphi, London, is creating considerable attention in theatrical circles, its odd title, in these days of nude exhibitions, suggesting ideas which the play does not, in all cases, bear out. As it may be imported to America ere long, it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of the plot, etc. It is an adaptation from M. Emile Augier, author of "Le Fils de Giboyer," who recently achieved a success in a play entitled "Gabrielle," and this forms the subject of a clever adaptation by Mr. Webster—son of Manager Webster—to the title of the piece. "Eve," suggests its character, that of "temptation." The story of the play is an old and well used one, worked out with French minuteness. A woman married to a man many years her senior, whose abstraction in the duties of his profession —that of a solicitor—leaves but little leisure to be devoted to her society; a treacherous friend, who, by insidious manipulation, including the arts of temptations, brings his victim to the verge of ruin—this is the groundwork upon which M. Augier has constructed a play full of vitality and thrilling in incident. Mr. Webster has adhered to the original construction of the piece. Hugh Wallaston, an elderly solicitor, is an affectionate, but, in a ladies' point of view, inattentive husband, engrossed, as he is, by his professional duties. Eve Wollaston being thus deprived of her husband's society, imagines that she is also of his sympathy, and wilfully shows no interest in her husband's pursuits, followed with such ardor for her own benefit. She sighs for some companion of her disposition, and devotes herself to the perusal of impure French novels, which come to her hand by the subtle arrangement of a young attorney at law, Vernon Hartwright. His assumption of a romantic disposition influences her morbid susceptibilities, and, in a weak moment, she listens to some illicit protestation. When Mr. and Mrs. Grimsditch arrive at the elegant villa the solicitor has so handsomely furnished for her, Mrs. Grimsditch, who is Wollaston's sister, with the quickness of a woman's perception, detects a change in her sister-in-law's affections. She has an interview with Hartwright upon the subject, the knowledge of which excites the jea ousy of her husband, Simon Grimsditch, but Wollaston, to allay the fears of the jealous Grimsditch, with a good humored intention, undertakes to overhear an interview between Hartwright and Mrs. Grimsditch and repeat it, which he does, and at once allays all fears of suspicion in Grimsditch, but to his horror hears the tale of his wife's misconduct and danger. Without disclosing his knowledge of Hartwright's guilty intentions, Wollaston proposes to him an eligible match with a rich heiress, which the barrister declines on the grounds of his determination to elope with a married lady. The solicitor suppresses the emotion arising from such an announcement, and vividly demonstrates the wretchedness which would follow so guilty a step; and so well does he preach that the profligate Hartwright is struck with remorse, and Eve, becoming penitent, is restored once more to her husband's affections without being humiliated.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND THEN ON THAT.—A correspondent, in alluding to the manner in which a certain daily spoke of the spectators at the recent dog fight between Prince and Turk, cites the following instance to prove the injustice of said remarks:—"I chanced to drop in to Mr. McMahon's place last Friday. A crowd of sports, backers of Prince, were there, growling about the decision of the referee, when a poor bare-footed girl, about twelve years of age, half blind, came in. Instinctively, every man put his hand in his pocket, and that poor girl went away some $3.50 richer. Had she gone into a Broadway place, she would have been kicked out." "Facts are facts," and, unfortunately, there's more truth than poetry in our correspondent's assertion; fine clothes and polished manners do not make the man.

SCOTTISH GAMES IN CALIFORNIA.

The athletic games of the San Francisco Caledonian Club were held at the Recreation grounds on May 27th, the prizes offered being numerous and valuable. The judges were Messrs. Thos. Stewart, Joseph Austin, and R. B. Torrence, and the different events are summarized below:—

Quoiting—First prize, a gold medal and silver bar, Geo. T. Scott; second prize, a silver bar, Wm. Brown; third prize, a silver bar, James Muir.

Putting the Heavy Stone, 22 *pounds*—First prize, the Club gold medal and silver bar, William McLean, 31 feet 8 inches; second, Christopher Chisholm, 16 feet 10 inches.

Putting the Light Stone, 16 *pounds*—First prize, a gold badge, William McLean, 33 feet 11 inches; second, Club badge, C. Chisholm, 31 feet 1 inch.

Standing Jump—First prize, a silver tobacco box, Geo. R. McKenzie, 9 feet 4 inches; second, Club badge, Andrew Foreman, 9 feet 3 inches.

Throwing the Heavy Hammer, 32 *pounds*—First prize, gold medal and silver bar, William McLean, 58 feet 3 inches; second, "Burns' Poems," Chris. Chrisholm, 52 feet 7 inches.

Throwing the Light Hammer, 18 *pounds*—First prize, pair silver cups, Wm. McLean, 80 feet; second, Club badge, Chris. Chrisholm, 74 feet.

Running Jump—First prize, a silver goblet, Andrew Foreman, 16 feet 9 inches; second, Club badge, George R. McKenzie, 16 feet 5 inches.

Highland Fling—First prize, silver medal, Wm. Calder; second, Club badge, David Kidd. The piper was McIntosh, the Club piper, all dressed in costume.

One Hundred Yards Race—First prize, a silver box, George R. McKenzie, in 10 seconds; second, gold sleeve buttons, Andrew Foreman, in 12 seconds.

Boys' Race—First prize, a silver watch, William Caldwell, in 1:38, third of a mile; second, the Club badge, C. H. Catton; third, F. Murdock.

Running High Leap—First prize, a silver goblet, Andrew Foreman, five feet; second, Club badge, W. M. Miller, 4 feet 10 inches.

Bagpipe Playing—Three competitors; first prize, kilt, plaid, hose and bonnet, Colin McIntosh; second, Japanese cabinet, Norman Beaton.

Broadsword Dance given by Wm. Calder.

Vaulting with the Pole—First prize, a silver bar, Andrew Foreman, 8 feet 4 inches; second, James Caldwell, 8 feet 2 inches.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be interspersed in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre street
Cor. Leonard, New York.

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BROOKLYN.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
First class artists can always obtain engagements by addressing,
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11-4f

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This company will consist of 30 first class artists, the above name being the LATE MEMBERS of
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The public are cautioned against negotiating a NOTE FOR ONE HUNDRED AND ONE DOLLARS, drawn in favor of the said
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Catalogues containing a description of the several Cuts may be obtained, and impressions of the various subjects seen on file at the office.
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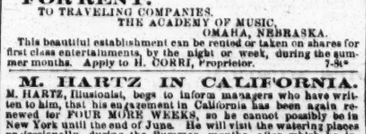

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N. B.—Our Circular and Price List will be forwarded by mail to all persons desiring it.
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